THE NEGRO SINGS A NEW HEAVEN

By MARY ALLEN GRISSOM

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A NEW HEAVEN

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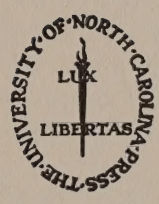
THE NEGRO SINGS A NEW HEAVEN

By

MARY ALLEN GRISSOM



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FOREWORD

These songs constitute a part of collections of original melodies whose value lies in their presentation and preservation exactly as they are found and sung. Thus collected and preserved they provide portraiture of the Negro folk song and background and remain a treasure source for future harmonization if that should be desired. Their chief value, therefore, lies in their simplicity and realism, recording a true emancipation of spirit from child-like irresponsibility to a growing consciousness of citizenship, thus contributing another chapter to the complete record of southern Negro folk songs. Most of the songs included in this volume have been taken directly from the Negroes in their present-day worship, and have been selected from those sung in the neighborhood of Louisville, Kentucky, and certain rural sections in Adair County.

Many of the tunes are led by the older Negroes who are able to add modern verses to the old tunes, making them fit present-day needs, yet losing none of their former setting of dignity and beauty. Herein, lies much of their charm. Others are left just as they were sung years ago. The wonder is that they are handed down from generation to generation with such accuracy. Another group shows a decided influence of the white man's modern Sunday school and revival songs used in the South, but with words of such character as to place them, in sentiment at least, to the credit of the Negro's contribution to original folksong. Most of the songs are best suited to group singing. Some, however, lose none of their beauty when sung by the lone Negro.

The syncopation is never to be exaggerated. It should be thought of rather as strong and weak tones than as long and short ones. Care should be given to the manner of taking hold of the stressed tone—rather pushing to the accent than attacking it with vigor, using lighter tone quality on the unstressed tones. This is indicated by the usual accent marks and also by small lines under certain notes and words to emphasize the thought expressed. Care should be given to smooth "pushing" in order not to render a sharp, ragged, rhythm utterly unlike the subtle irregularities one hears when the Negro is singing. There is also a suggestion of spoken emphasis in many instances where these lines occur.

The Negro's innate feel for a simple, harmonic background for all his melodies would appear largely responsible for the queer sliding manner in which he sings. It has been noted that he does this much more when singing alone than when singing with a group. It is so easy for the Negro to swing from a major to a minor melody or harmony that his music is more often thought of as minor than major, whereas a large percentage of it is definitely major. This may explain the popular theory that he creates unusual harmonies. What he really does is to supply his own harmonic background as he sings his melody. In this volume this is indicated by very small notes with lines leading to and from them to show of which melody tone they are to be the harmonic support. These are rather to be thought than sung, so lightly are they sounded. They are in no sense grace notes. The use of actual cessation of tone, indicated by a comma, is one of the most effective things the Negro does to create

interest in his songs. The dialect follows no set rules but is put down as it was heard. It is never uniform, the ending of a word depending upon what follows. Frequently one word may have three pronunciations in the same song, as for example, *my, mah* or *muh* according to what precedes or follows it,—*my,* if much emphasized. These songs conform to the primitive Negro singing which is accompanied by hand clapping and stamping of the feet, each frequently giving a different grouping of the notes to the beat.

The attempt has been made to have the accompanying text follow the same order as the music. For example, the Negro song frequently opens with the chorus, sung in unison by the group. A sort of recitative by the leader follows as the verse, and then the chorus by the group is again taken up. Thus solo and chorus alternate throughout the song which ends with the chorus. In only one or two cases is the chorus repeated in full in the text, and these are instances where the nature of the music demands it. In all other cases, where the sequence is perfectly clear from the music, neither the chorus itself nor the word "chorus" has been inserted between the stanzas.

Too much cannot be said against the tendency to accompany these melodies with elaborate harmonies. The harmony used by them is the simplest, but made unforgettable by counter-melodies hummed while the leader creates his mood. The response comes as the positive dignified and beautiful approval of the religious thought expressed. If the Negro uses unusual chords, it is usually due to the fact that he has heard choral singing by the white people and is attempting to reproduce what he hears. When he creates with his wonderful native impulse, the world is given harmony that is beautiful in its simplicity; rhythm that baffles, but retains a dignity of expression; and melody that ranks high in any standard of creative work.

Acknowledgment is here made to the Institute for Research in Social Science of the University of North Carolina for coöperation and valuable help in the plan of presentation and for making possible the publication of this volume. To Mr. Paul J. Weaver of the University of North Carolina for his critical reading of the text and music and for valuable suggestions, appreciation is expressed. And I am especially indebted to Mr. E. J. Wotawa, of the School of Music of the University of Louisville, for his very excellent copy of the original manuscript and his enthusiastic support throughout the entire period of compilation; and to my many friends for belief and encouragement in the idea of publishing the songs.

M. A. G.

Louisville, Kentucky,
June, 1930.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

I. SONGS OF DEATH

That Lonesome Valley 2
When I Die 4
Tell 'Em I'm Gone 6
Soon One Mawnin' Death Come Creepin' in Yo' Room 8
Little Black Train Is a Comin' 10

II. SONGS OF HEAVEN AND RESURRECTION

Oh Mary—Oh Marthy 14
When I'm Gone 16
'Way in the Kingdom 18
Some o' These Days 20
Heaven Is a Beautiful Place 22
I'll Be Sleepin' in Mah Grave 24

III. BIBLE STORIES IN SONG

My God He Is a Man of War 28
I Mean to Lift up a Standard for My King 30
Ezekiel's Wheel 32
Mary Wept an' Marthy Moaned 34
I Believe I'll Go Back Home 36
John Done Saw Dat Numbuh 38

IV. SONGS OF EXHORTATION

It May Be de Las' Time 42
Oh Sinner 44
Walk About Elders 46
Git Yo' Ticket 48
Come unto Me 50
Yo' Sins Are Gonna Find You Out 52
Time Is Drawin' Nigh 54

V. SONGS OF SERVICE AND PERSONAL EXPERIENCE

I'm an Everyday Witness 58
In the Army of the Lord 60
I Wanta Live so God Can Use Me 62

V. SONGS OF SERVICE AND PERSONAL EXPERIENCE (Cont.)

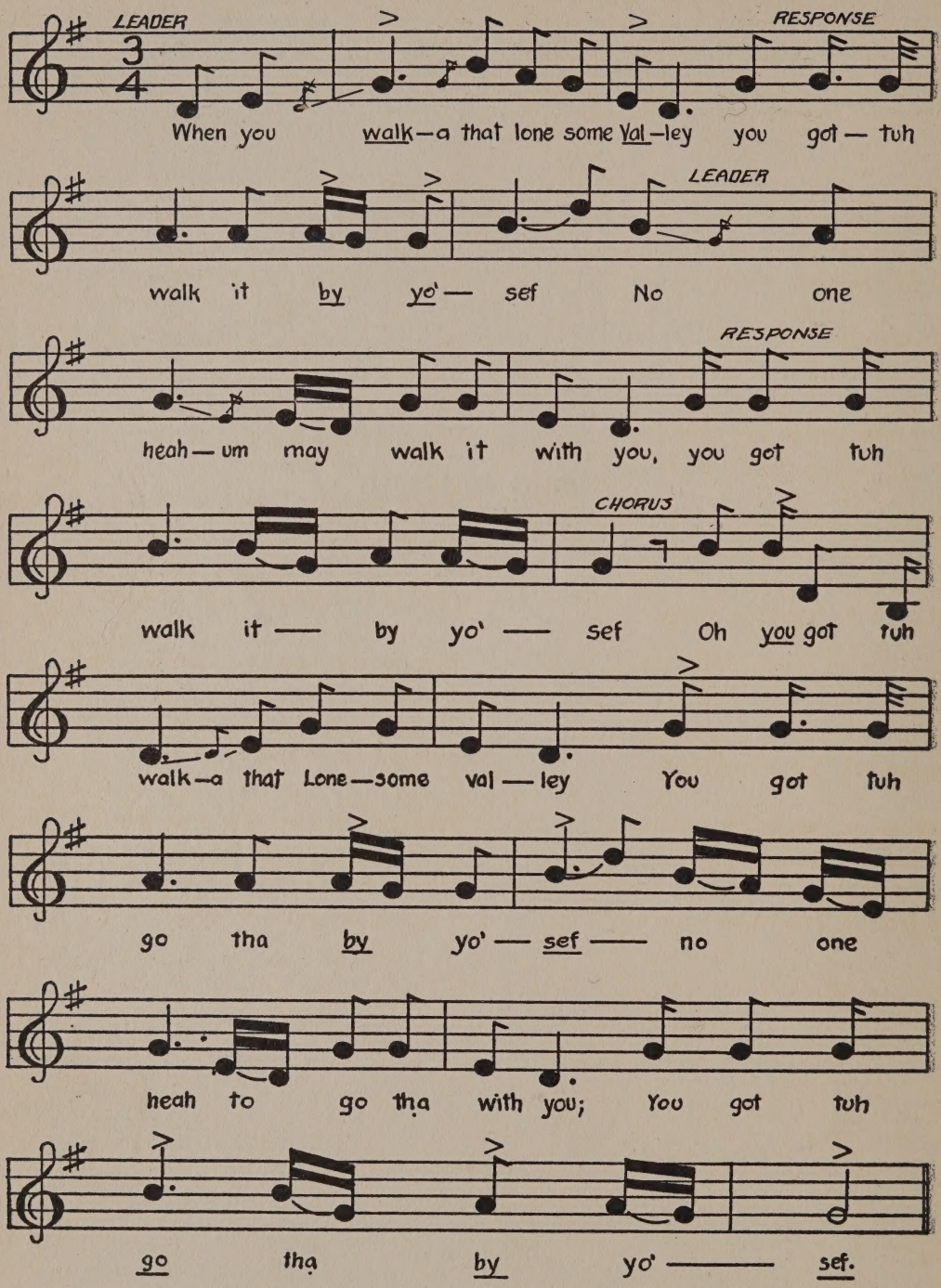
I Got Mah Swoad in Mah Han' 64
Hide-a Me 66
Do Lord Remember Me 68
In This Field 70
Wring My Hands and Cry 72
Wish I Was in Heabum Settin' Down 74
I Stood Outside the Gate 76
Steal Away to Mah Fathuh's Kingdom 78
Lawd I Want Two Wings 80
If I have Mah Tickit Lawd 82

VI. SHOUTING SONGS AND SONGS OF TRIUMPH

I'm Runnin' On 86
I Found Jesus Over in Zion 88
I Got a Hidin' Place 90
No Condemnation in My Soul 92
When Jesus Comes 94
He's the Lily of the Valley 96
I Got a Key to the Kingdom 98
Let the Church Roll On 100

Songs of Death

THAT LONESOME VALLEY



THAT LONESOME VALLEY

When you walk-a that lonesome Valley,
You got tuh walk it by yo'sef;
No one heah may walk it with you,
You got tuh walk it by yo'sef.

CHORUS
Oh you got tuh walk-a that lonesome Valley,
You got tuh go tha by yo'sef
No one heah to go tha with you,
You got tuh go tha by yo'sef.

When you reach the rivah Jurdun,
You got tuh cross it by yo'sef;
No one heah may cross it with you,
You got tuh cross it by yo'sef.

When you face that Judgmunt mawnin',
You got tuh face it by yo'sef;
No one heah to face it faw you,
You got tuh face it by yo'sef.

Loud an' strong yo Mastuh callin',
You got tuh answer by yo'sef;
No one heah to answer faw you,
You got tuh answer by yo'sef.

You got tuh stand yo' trial in Judgmunt,
You got tuh stand it by yo'sef;
No one heah to stand it faw you,
You got tuh stand it by yo'sef.

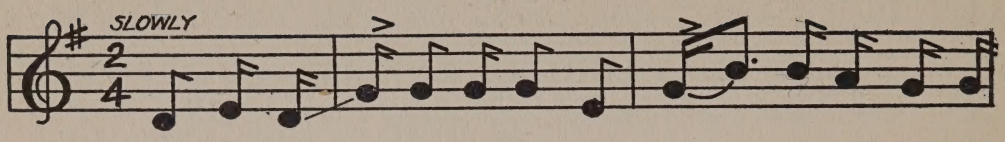
Jurdun's stream is cold and chilly,
You got tuh wade it by yo'sef;
No one heah to wade it faw you,
You got tuh wade it by yo'sef.

When my dear Lawd was hangin' bleedin',
He had tuh hang tha by His-sef;
No one tha could hang tha faw Him,
He had tuh hang tha by His-sef.

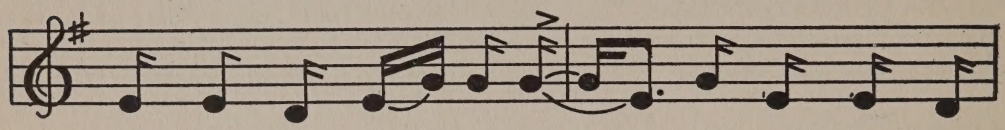
You got tuh join that Christian Army,
You got tuh join it by yo-sef;
No one heah to join it faw you,
You got tuh join it by yo'sef.

You got tuh live a life of service,
You got tuh live it by yo'sef;
No one heah to live it faw you,
You got tuh live it by yo'sef.

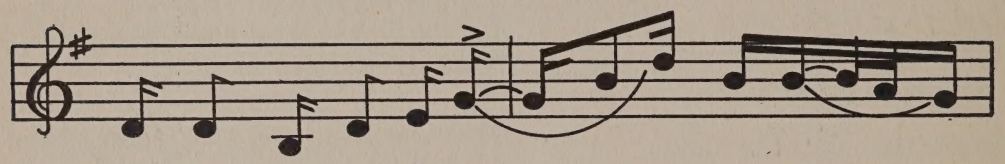
WHEN I DIE



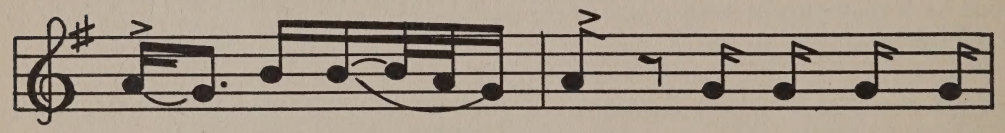
Who's gon—na make up muh dy—in' bed? Who's a—gon—na



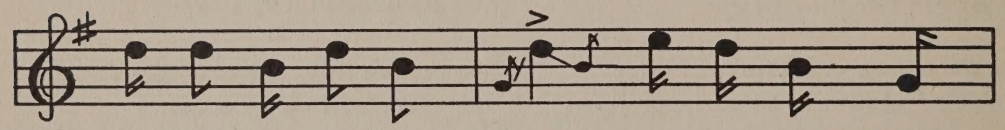
make up muh dy—in' bed—? Who's a gon—na



make up muh dy—in' bed—— when I——



die—— when I—— die? Je—sus gon—na



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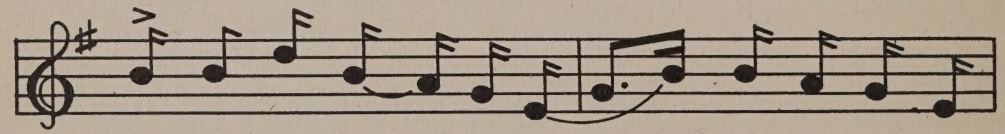

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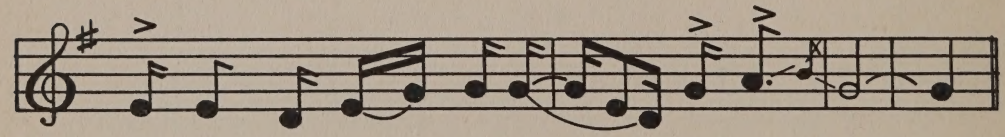


make up muh dy—in' bed—— when I—die——

WHEN I DIE

Who's gonna make up muh dyin' bed?
Who's a gonna make up muh dyin' bed?
Who's a gonna make up muh dyin' bed,
When I die, when I die?
Jesus gonna make up muh dyin' bed,
Jesus gonna make up muh dyin' bed;
Jesus gonna make up muh dyin' bed,
When I die.

Who's goin' down in duh grave wid me?
Who's a goin' down in duh grave wid me?
Who's a goin' down in duh grave wid me,
When I die, when I die?
Jesus goin' down in duh grave wid me,
Jesus goin' down in duh grave wid me;
Jesus goin' down in duh grave wid me,
When I die.

Who's gonna sing that las' song?
Who's a gonna sing that las' song?
Who's a gonna sing that las' song,
When I die, when I die?
Jesus gonna sing that las' song,
Jesus gonna sing that las' song;
Jesus gonna sing that las' song,
When I die.

Who's gonna pray that las' prayer?
Who's a gonna pray that las' prayer?
Who's a gonna pray that las' prayer,
When I die, when I die?
Jesus gonna pray that las' prayer,
Jesus gonna pray that las' prayer;
Jesus gonna pray that las' prayer,
When I die.

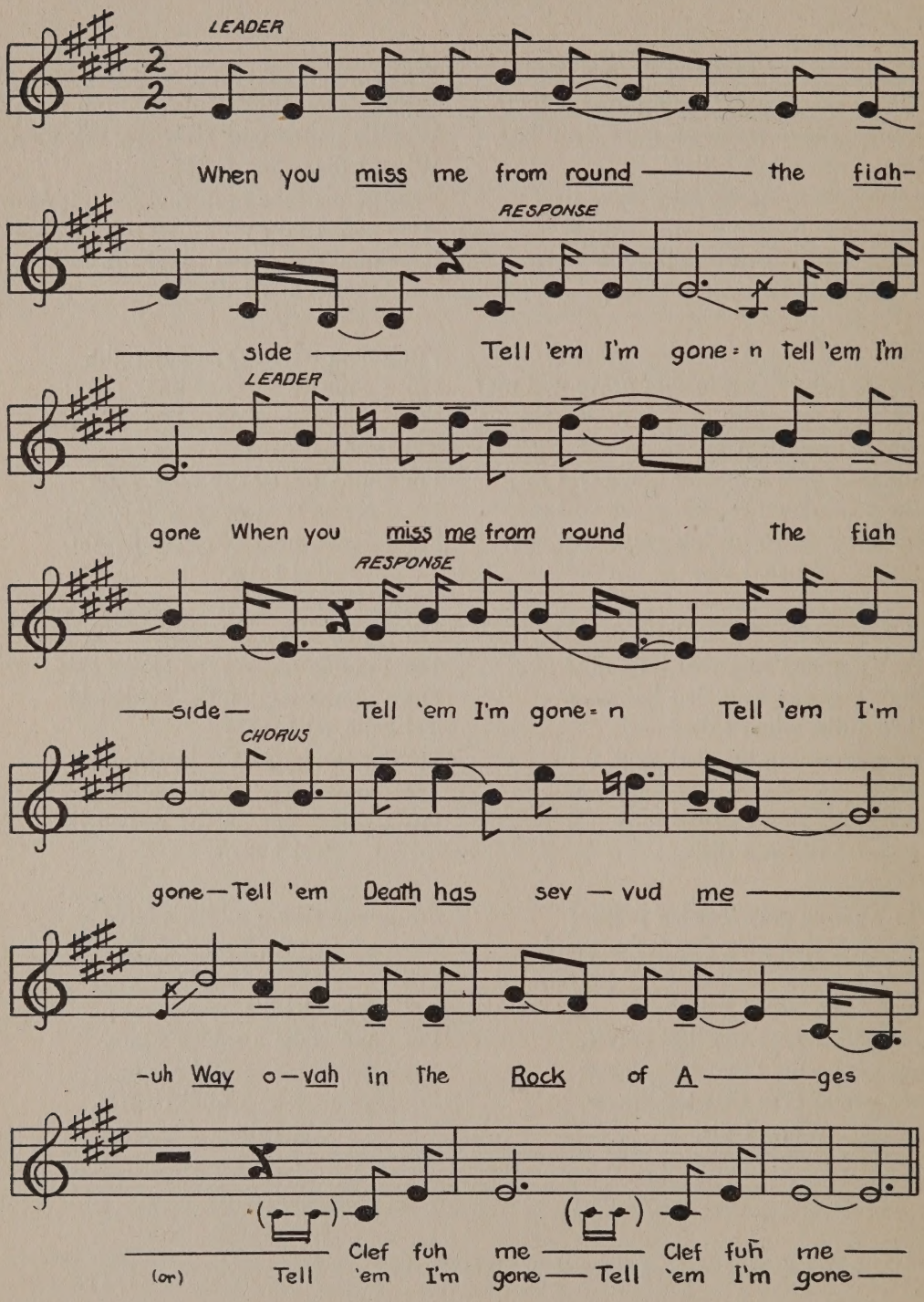
Who's gonna take muh soul tuh Heaben?
Who's a gonna take muh soul tuh Heaben?
Who's a gonna take muh soul tuh Heaben,
When I die, when I die?
Jesus gonna take muh soul tuh Heaben,
Jesus gonna take muh soul tuh Heaben;
Jesus gonna take muh soul tuh Heaben,
When I die.

I'm gonna treat ev'ry body right,
I'm a gonna treat ev'ry body right;
I'm a gonna treat ev'ry body right,
Tel I die, tel I die.
I'm gonna treat ev'ry body right,
I'm a gonna treat ev'ry body right;
I'm a gonna treat ev'ry body right,
Tel I die.

I'm gonna stay on the battlefield,
I'm a gonna stay on the battlefield;
I'm a gonna stay on the battlefield,
Tel I die, tel I die.
I'm gonna stay on the battlefield,
I'm a gonna stay on the battlefield;
I'm a gonna stay on the battlefield,
Tel I die.

I'm gonna take a soldier's fare,
I'm a gonna take a soldier's fare;
I'm a gonna take a soldier's fare,
Tel I die, tel I die.
I'm gonna take a soldier's fare,
I'm a gonna take a soldier's fare;
I'm a gonna take a soldier's fare,
Tel I die.

TELL 'EM I'M GONE



TELL 'EM I'M GONE

When you miss me from round the fiahside,
  Tell 'em I'm gone; tell 'em I'm gone.
When you miss me from round the fiahside,
  Tell 'em I'm gone. Tell 'em I'm gone.
Tell 'em Death has sevvud me.
  Way ovah in the Rock of Ages,
  Clef fuh me—Clef fuh me.

When you miss me from singin' an' prayin',
  Tell 'em I'm gone; tell 'em I'm gone.
When you miss me from singin' an' prayin',
  Tell 'em I'm gone. Tell 'em I'm gone.
Tell 'em Death has sevvud me.
  Way ovah in the Rock of Ages,
  Clef fuh me—Clef fuh me.

When you miss me from the Sackament table,
  Tell 'em I'm gone; tell 'em I'm gone.
When you miss me from the Sackament table,
  Tell 'em I'm gone. Tell 'em I'm gone.
Tell 'em Death has sevvud me.
  Way ovah in the Rock of Ages,
  Clef fuh me—Clef fuh me.

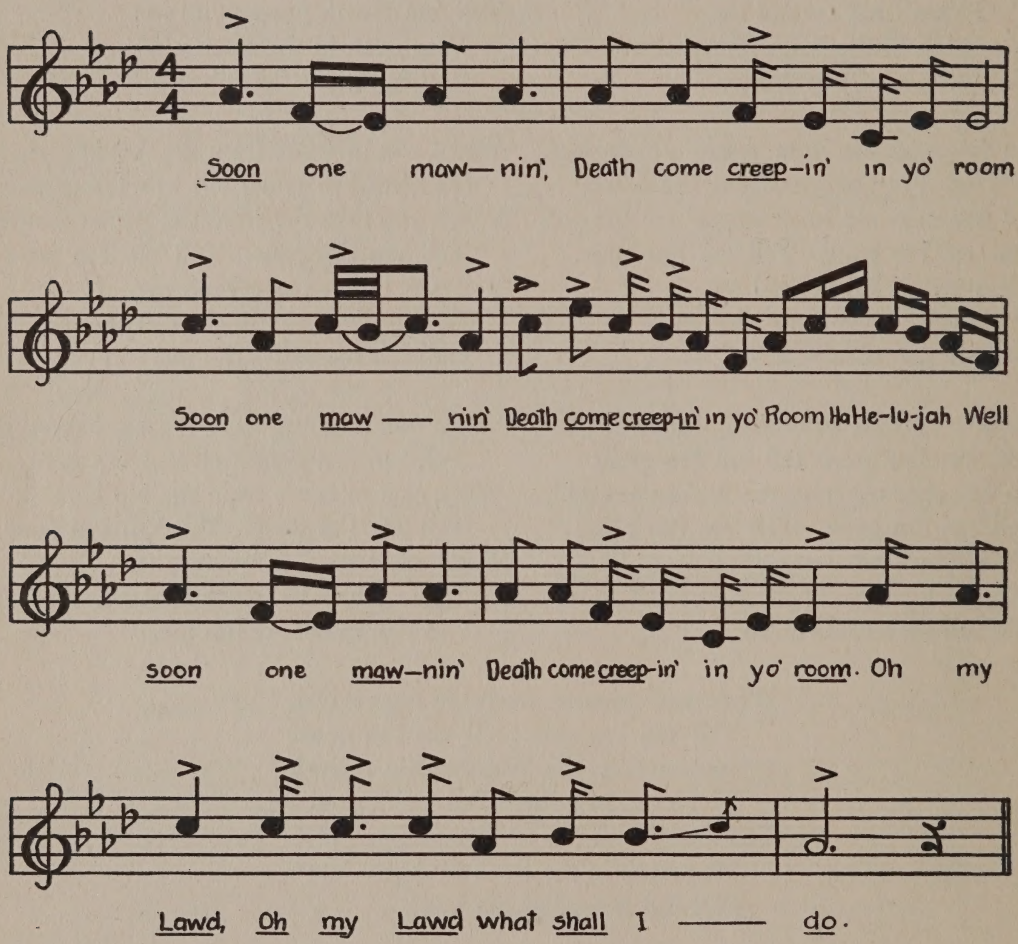
When you miss me from weepin' an' moanin',
  Tell 'em I'm gone; tell 'em I'm gone.
When you miss me from weepin' an' moanin',
  Tell 'em I'm gone. Tell 'em I'm gone.
Tell 'em Death has sevvud me.
  Way ovah in the Rock of Ages,
  Clef fuh me—Clef fuh me.

When you miss me from the Amen corner,
  Tell 'em I'm gone; tell 'em I'm gone.
When you miss me from the Amen corner,
  Tell 'em I'm gone. Tell 'em I'm gone.
Tell 'em Death has sevvud me.
  Way ovah in the Rock of Ages,
  Clef fuh me—Clef fuh me.

When you miss me from the big baptizin',
  Tell 'em I'm gone; tell 'em I'm gone.
When you miss me from the big baptizin',
  Tell 'em I'm gone. Tell 'em I'm gone.
Tell 'em Death has sevvud me.
  Way ovah in the Rock of Ages,
  Clef fuh me—Clef fuh me.

When you miss me from the big revival,
  Tell 'em I'm gone; tell 'em I'm gone.
When you miss me from the big revival,
  Tell 'em I'm gone. Tell 'em I'm gone.
Tell 'em Death has sevvud me.
  Way ovah in the Rock of Ages,
  Clef fuh me—Clef fuh me.

SOON ONE MAWNIN' DEATH COME CREEPIN' IN YO' ROOM



SOON ONE MAWNIN' DEATH COME CREEPIN' IN YO' ROOM

Soon one mawnin' Death come creepin' in yo' room,
Soon one mawnin' Death come creepin' in yo' room,
Hallelujah! Well
Soon one mawnin' Death come creepin' in yo' room.
Oh my Lawd, Oh my Lawd, what shall I do?

Soon one mawnin' Death come knockin' at yo' do',
Soon one mawnin' Death come knockin' at yo' do',
Hallelujah! Well
Soon one mawnin' Death come knockin' at yo' do'.
Oh my Lawd, Oh my Lawd, what shall I do?

Hush! Hush! There's some one callin' mah name,
Hush! Hush! There's some one callin' mah name,
Hallelujah! Well
Hush! Hush! There's some one callin' mah name.
Oh my Lawd, Oh my Lawd, what shall I do?

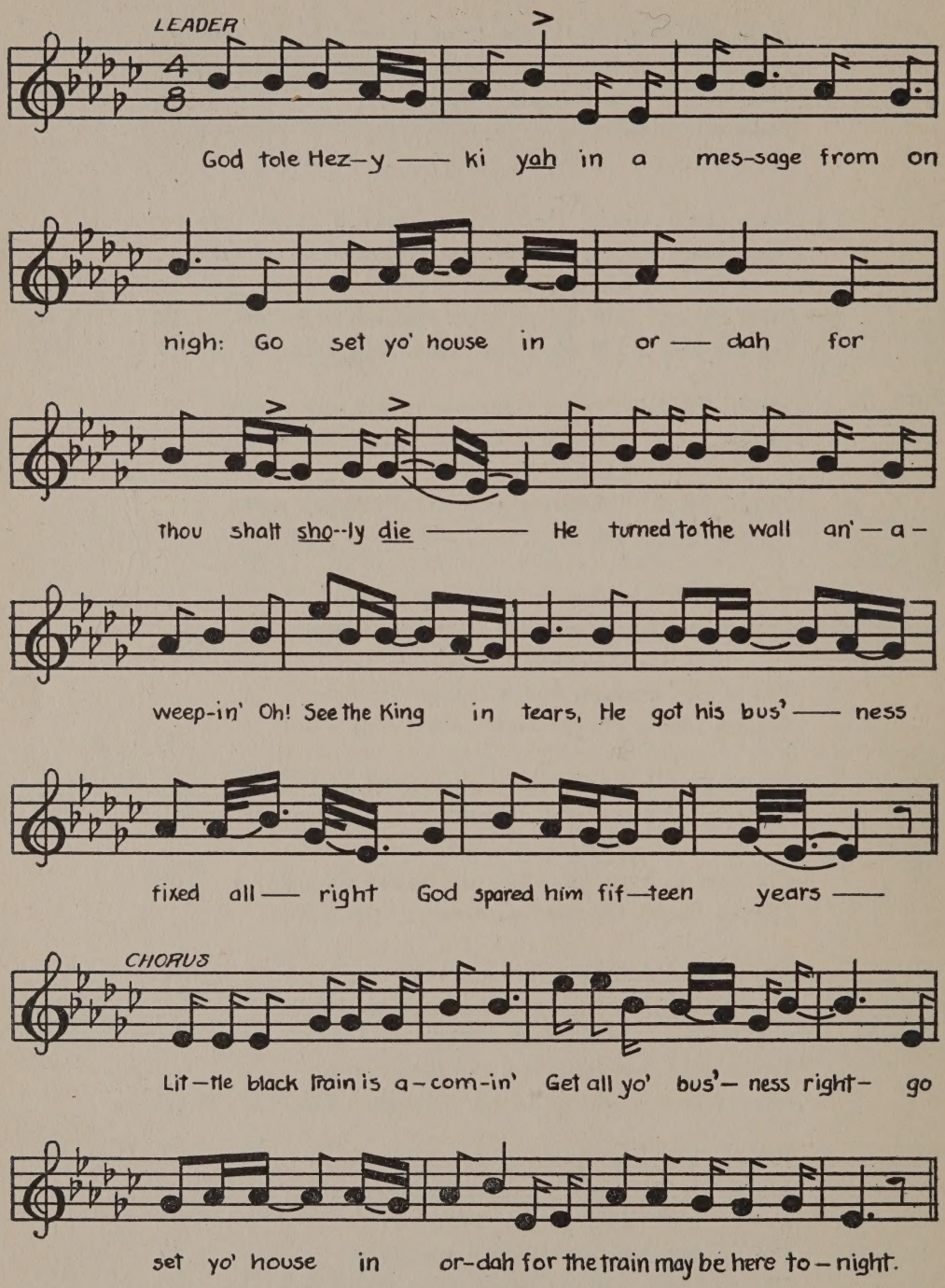
I'm so glad I belong to the church of God,
I'm so glad I belong to the church of God,
Hallelujah! Well
I'm so glad I belong to the church of God.
Oh my Lawd, Oh my Lawd, what shall I do?

I'm so glad I can pray like the Savior prayed,
I'm so glad I can pray like the Savior prayed,
Hallelujah! Well
I'm so glad I can pray like the Savior prayed.
Oh my Lawd, Oh my Lawd, what shall I do?

I'm so glad that Jesus will call mah name,
I'm so glad that Jesus will call mah name,
Hallelujah! Well
I'm so glad that Jesus will call mah name.
Oh my Lawd, Oh my Lawd, what shall I do?

I'm so glad that trouble doan last always,
I'm so glad that trouble doan last always,
Hallelujah! Well
I'm so glad that trouble doan last always.
Oh my Lawd, Oh my Lawd, what shall I do?

LITTLE BLACK TRAIN IS A COMIN'



LITTLE BLACK TRAIN IS A COMIN'

God tole Hezykiyah
In a message from on high:
Go set yo' house in ordah,
For thou shalt sholy die.
He turned to the wall an' a weepin',
Oh! See the King in tears;
He got his bus'ness fixed all right,
God spared him fifteen years.

CHORUS

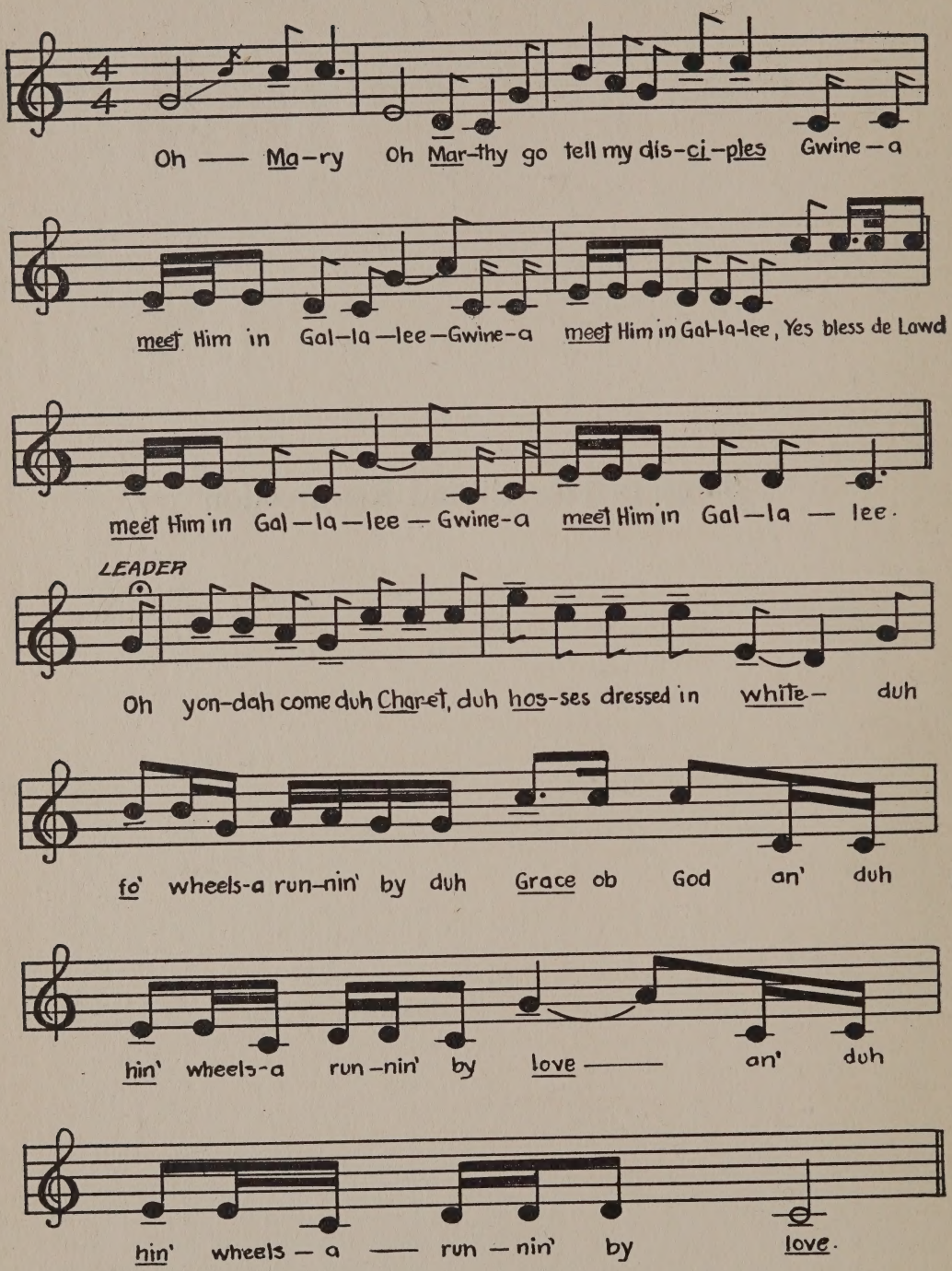
Little black train is a comin',
Get all yo' bus'ness right;
Go set yo' house in ordah,
For the train may be here tonight.

Go tell that ball room lady,
All filled with worldly pride,
That little black train is-a comin',
Prepare to take a ride.
That little black train and engine
An' a little baggage car,
With idle thoughts and wicked deeds,
Must stop at the judgment bar.

There was a po' young man in darkness,
Cared not for the gospel light,
Suddenly a whistle blew
From a little black train in sight.
"Oh, death will you not spare me?
I'm just in my wicked plight.
Have mercy Lord, do hear me,
Pray come an' set me right."
But death had fixed his shackles
About his soul so tight,
Just befo' he got his bus'ness fixed,
The train rolled in that night.

Songs of Heaven and Resurrection

OH MARY - OH MARTHY



OH MARY—OH MARTHY

Oh! Mary, Oh! Marthy, go tell my disciples,
Gwine-a meet Him in Gallalee,
Gwine-a meet Him in Gallalee.
Yes, bless de Lawd, meet Him in Gallalee.
Gwine-a meet Him in Gallalee.

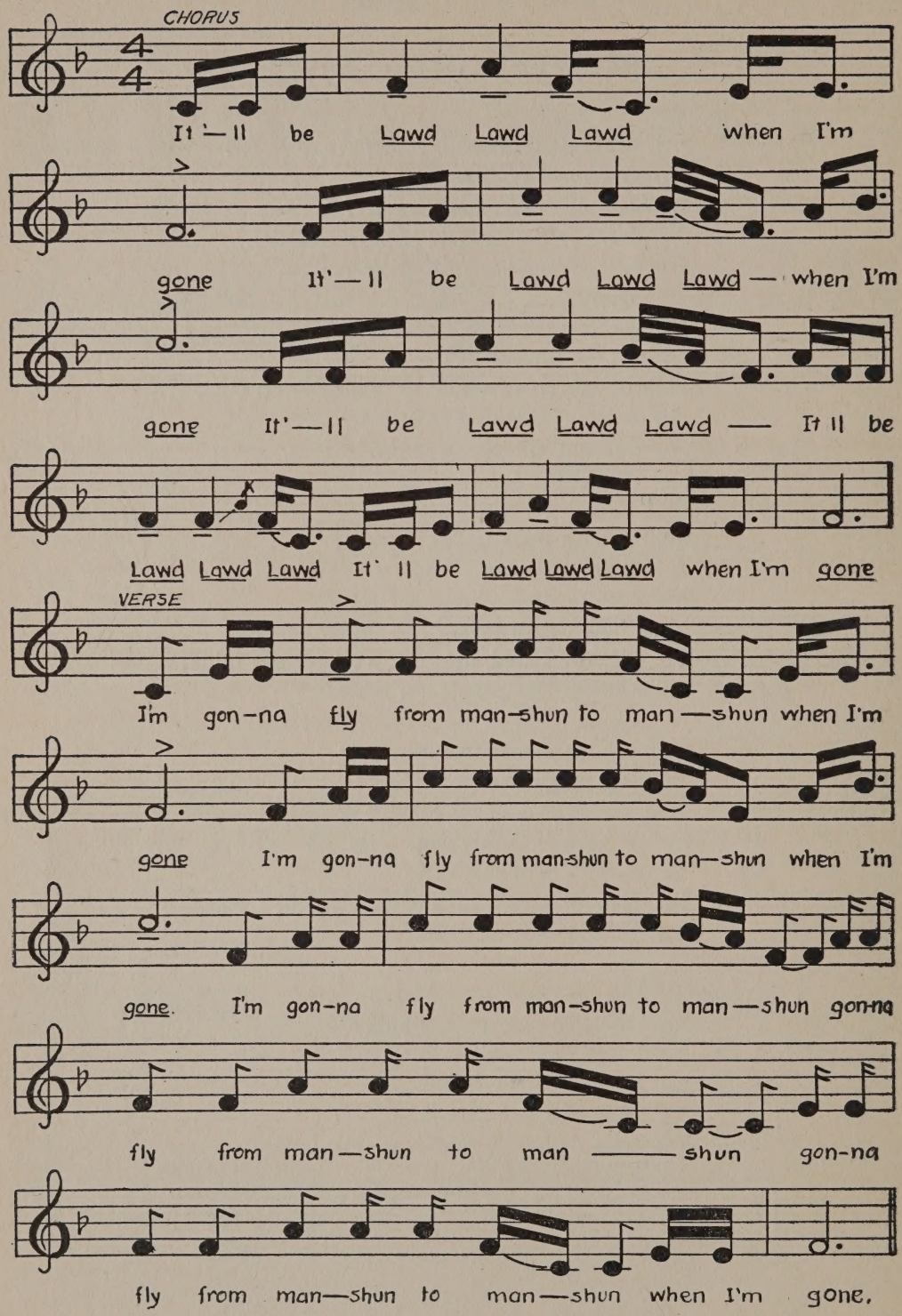
Oh! yondah come duh charet,
Duh hosses dressed in white,
Duh fo' wheels a runnin' by duh grace ob God,
An' duh hin' wheels a runnin' by love;
An' duh hin' wheels a runnin' by love.

Oh! yondah come ole Satan
Wid a black book under his arm;
A hollerin' give me jestice,
Mo'n hafen dem people am mine,
Mo'n hafen dem people am mine.
Yes, bless de Lawd, hafen dem people am mine;
Mo'n hafen dem people am mine.

Oh! yondah come Brudder Peter,
An' how do you know it's him?
Wid a crown upon his fo'head
An' de keys of Bethlyham,
An' de keys of Bethlyham.
Yes, bless de Lawd, keys of Bethlyham;
An' de keys of Bethlyham.

Oh! yondah come Sista Mary,
An' how do you know it's huhr?
A shoutin' Hallelujah
An' praises to duh Lamb,
An' praises to duh Lamb.
Yes, bless de Lawd, praises to duh Lamb;
An' praises to duh Lamb.

WHEN I'M GONE


CHORUS
It'—ll be Lawd Lawd Lawd when I'm
gone It'—ll be Lawd Lawd Lawd — when I'm
gone It'—ll be Lawd Lawd Lawd — It ll be
Lawd Lawd Lawd It' ll be Lawd Lawd Lawd when I'm gone
VERSE
I'm gon-na fly from man-shun to man—shun when I'm
gone I'm gon-na fly from man-shun to man—shun when I'm
gone. I'm gon-na fly from man-shun to man—shun gon-na
fly from man—shun to man——shun gon-na
fly from man—shun to man—shun when I'm gone.

WHEN I'M GONE

It'll be Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
When I'm gone;
It'll be Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
When I'm gone.
It'll be Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
It'll be Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
It'll be Lawd, Lawd, Lawd,
When I'm gone.

I'm gonna fly from manshun to manshun,
When I'm gone;
I'm gonna fly from manshun to manshun,
When I'm gone.
I'm gonna fly from manshun to manshun,
Gonna fly from manshun to manshun,
Gonna fly from manshun to manshun,
When I'm gone.

I'll be done wid 'bukes an' 'buses,*
When I'm gone;
I'll be done wid 'bukes an' 'buses,
When I'm gone.
I'll be done wid 'bukes an' 'buses,
Be done wid 'bukes an' 'buses,
Be done wid 'bukes an' 'buses,
When I'm gone.

I'll be done wid troubles an' trials,
When I'm gone;
I'll be done wid troubles an' trials,
When I'm gone.
I'll be done wid troubles an' trials,
Be done wid troubles an' trials,
Be done wid troubles an' trials,
When I'm gone.

I'm gonna walk an' talk wid Jesus,
When I'm gone;
I'm gonna walk an' talk wid Jesus,
When I'm gone.
I'm gonna walk an' talk wid Jesus,
Gonna walk an' talk wid Jesus,
Gonna walk an' talk wid Jesus,
When I'm gone.

I'm gonna set down at de welcome table,
When I'm gone;
I'm gonna set down at de welcome table,
When I'm gone.
I'm gonna set down at de welcome table,
Gonna set down at de welcome table,
Gonna set down at de welcome table,
When I'm gone.

I'm gonna drink an' nevuh get thirsty,
When I'm gone;
I'm gonna drink an' nevuh get thirsty,
When I'm gone.
I'm gonna drink an' nevuh get thirsty,
Gonna drink an' nevuh get thirsty,
Gonna drink an' nevuh get thirsty,
When I'm gone.

* Rebukes and abuses.

'WAY IN THE KINGDOM

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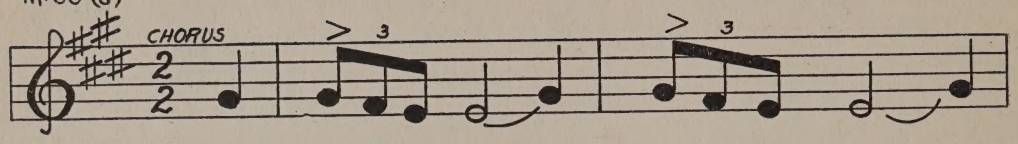
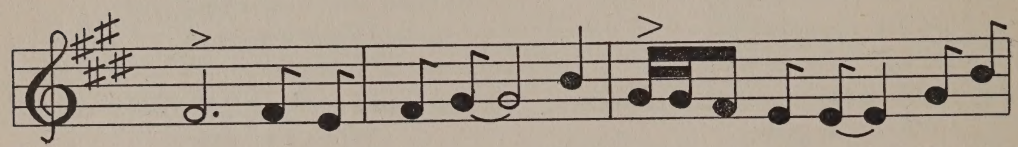
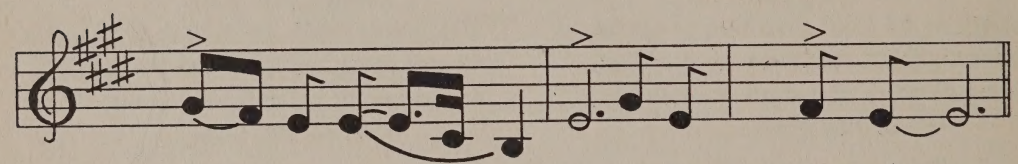
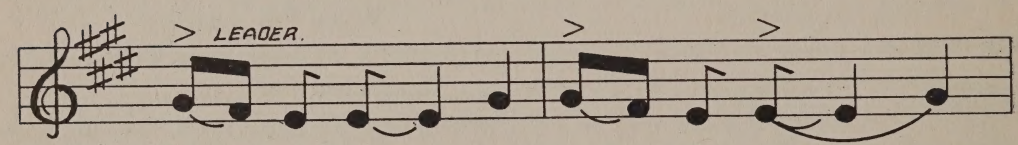
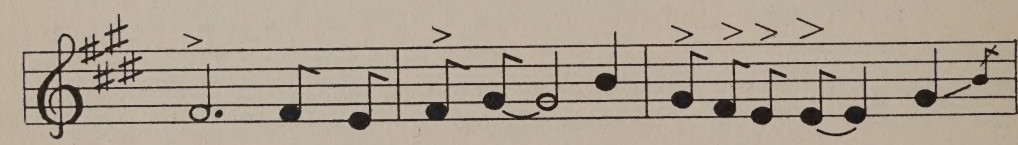
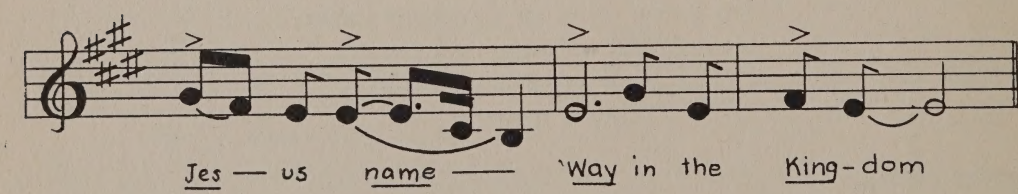












'WAY IN THE KINGDOM

There's plenty-uh room, plenty-uh room,
'Way in the Kingdom;
There's plenty-uh good room where muh Jesus is,
'Way in the Kingdom.

Mary had a link an' chain,
'Way in the Kingdom;
An' every link was-a Jesus name,
'Way in the Kingdom.
There's plenty-uh room, plenty-uh room,
'Way in the Kingdom;
There's plenty-uh good room where muh Jesus is,
'Way in the Kingdom.

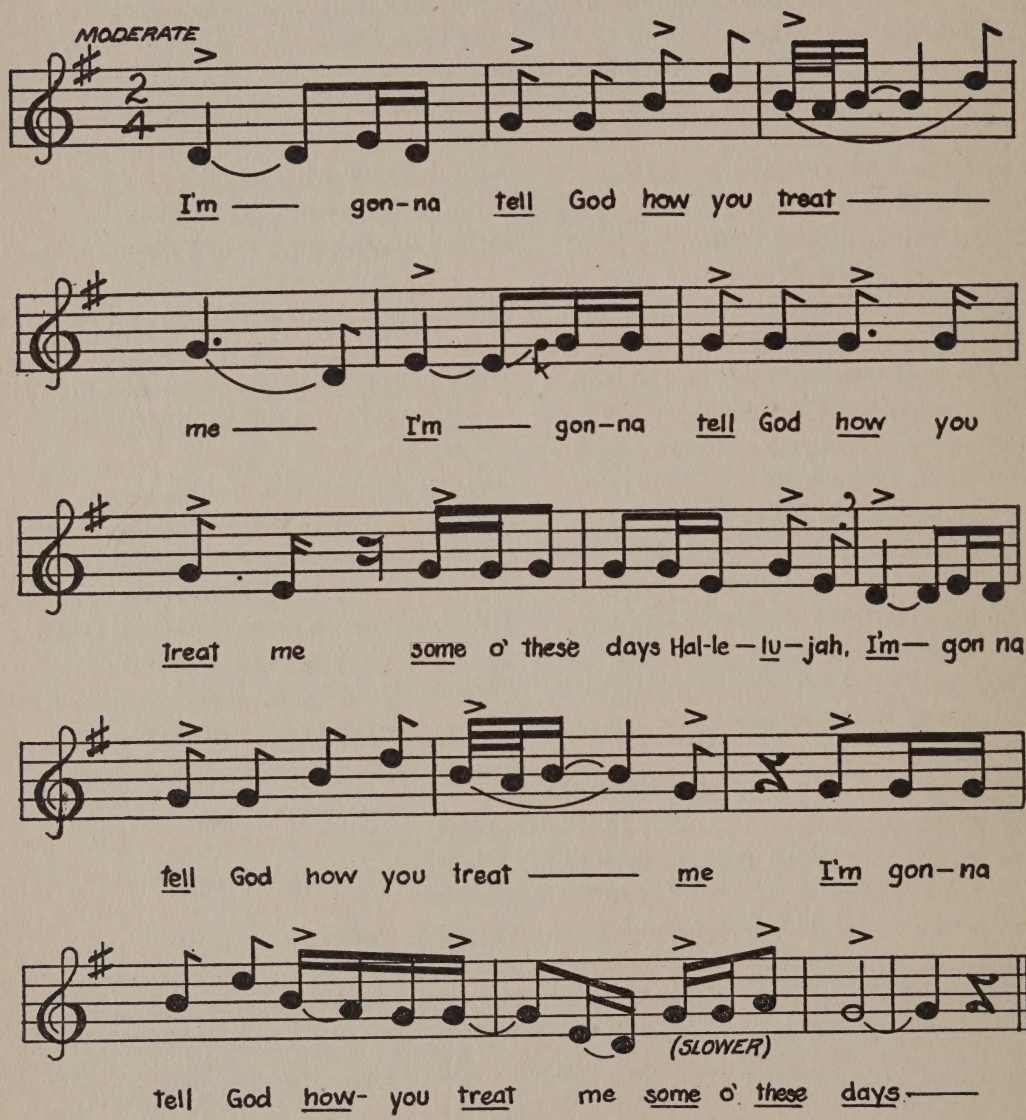
He gimme the word an' he tole me to go,
'Way in the Kingdom;
He gimme the trumpet an' he tole me to blow,
'Way in the Kingdom.
There's plenty-uh room, plenty-uh room,
'Way in the Kingdom;
There's plenty-uh good room where muh Jesus is,
'Way in the Kingdom.

Jesus done jes' what he said,
'Way in the Kingdom;
Healed the sick an'-a raised the dead,
'Way in the Kingdom.
There's plenty-uh room, plenty-uh room,
'Way in the Kingdom;
There's plenty-uh good room where muh Jesus is,
'Way in the Kingdom.

One day 'bout twelve o'clock,
'Way in the Kingdom;
He place-uh muh feet on the solid rock,
'Way in the Kingdom.
There's plenty-uh room, plenty-uh room,
'Way in the Kingdom;
There's plenty-uh good room where muh Jesus is,
'Way in the Kingdom.

I nevah shall forget the day,
'Way in the Kingdom;
That Jesus washed-uh my sins away,
'Way in the Kingdom.
There's plenty-uh room, plenty-uh room,
'Way in the Kingdom;
There's plenty-uh good room where muh Jesus is,
'Way in the Kingdom.

SOME O' THESE DAYS



SOME O' THESE DAYS

I'm gonna tell God how you treat me,
I'm gonna tell God how you treat me,
Some o' these days. Hallelujah!
I'm gonna tell God how you treat me,
I'm gonna tell God how you treat me,
Some o' these days.

I'm gonna cross thuh river of Jurdun,
I'm gonna cross thuh river of Jurdun,
Some o' these days. Hallelujah!
I'm gonna cross thuh river of Jurdun,
I'm gonna cross thuh river of Jurdun,
Some o' these days.

I'm gonna drink uv thuh healin' waters,
I'm gonna drink uv thuh healin' waters,
Some o' these days. Hallelujah!
I'm gonna drink uv thuh healin' waters,
I'm gonna drink uv thuh healin' waters,
Some o' these days.

I'm gonna drink an' nevuh get thirsty,
I'm gonna drink an' nevuh get thirsty,
Some o' these days. Hallelujah!
I'm gonna drink an' nevuh get thirsty,
I'm gonna drink an' nevuh get thirsty,
Some o' these days.

I'm gonna eat off thuh welcome table,
I'm gonna eat off thuh welcome table,
Some o' these days. Hallelujah!
I'm gonna eat off thuh welcome table,
I'm gonna eat off thuh welcome table,
Some o' these days.

I'm gonna walk an' talk wid Jesus,
I'm gonna walk an' talk wid Jesus,
Some o' these days. Hallelujah!
I'm gonna walk an' talk wid Jesus,
I'm gonna walk an' talk wid Jesus,
Some o' these days.

I'm gonna ride in thuh charet wid Jesus,
I'm gonna ride in thuh charet wid Jesus,
Some o' these days. Hallelujah!
I'm gonna ride in thuh charet wid Jesus,
I'm gonna ride in thuh charet wid Jesus,
Some o' these days.

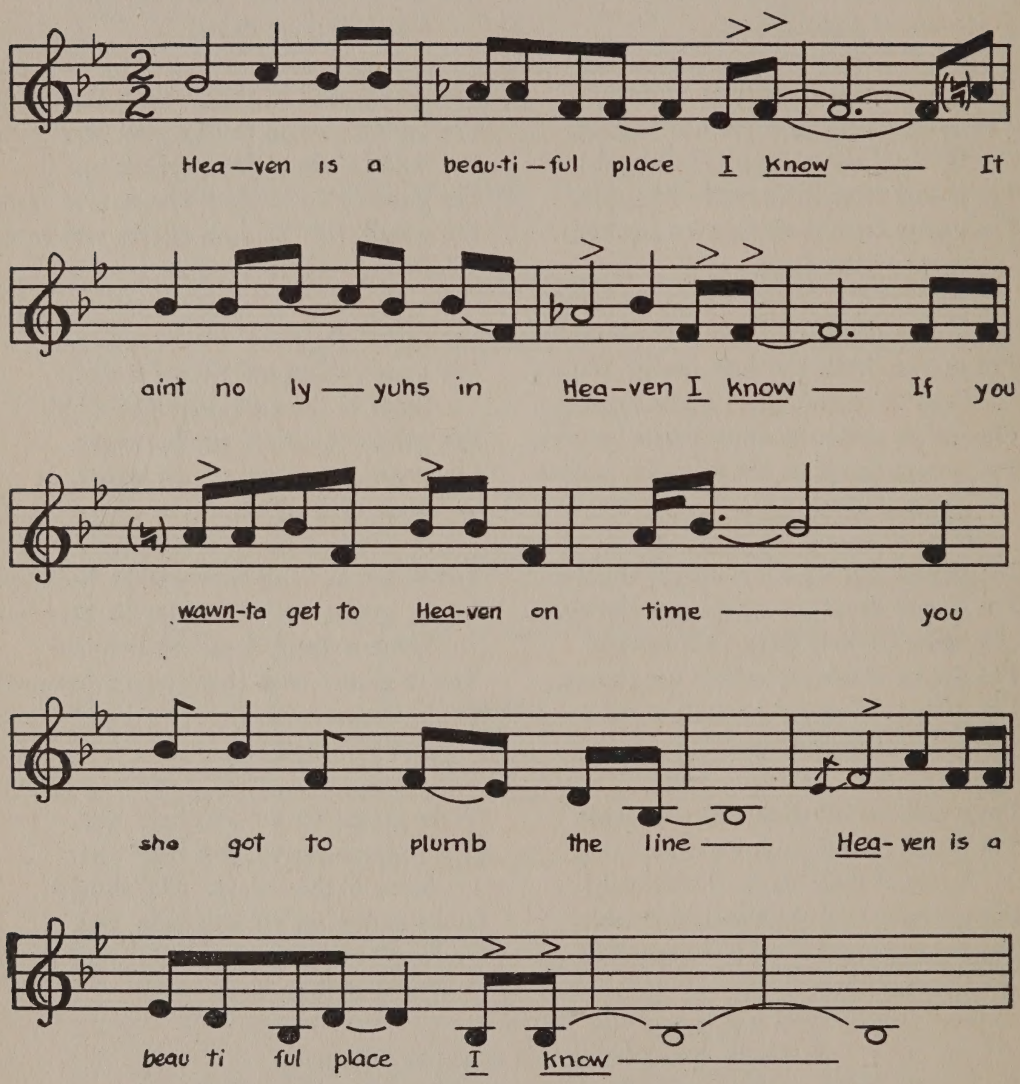
I'm gonna shout an' not be weary,
I'm gonna shout an' not be weary,
Some o' these days. Hallelujah!
I'm gonna shout an' not be weary,
I'm gonna shout an' not be weary,
Some o' these days.

You're gonna wish that you'd-a been ready,
You're gonna wish that you'd-a been ready,
Some o' these days. Hallelujah!
You're gonna wish that you'd-a been ready,
You're gonna wish that you'd-a been ready,
Some o' these days.

God's gonna set yo' sins befo' you,
God's gonna set yo' sins befo' you,
Some o' these days. Hallelujah!
God's gonna set yo' sins befo' you,
God's gonna set yo' sins befo' you,
Some o' these days.

God's gonna bring this world to judgment,
God's gonna bring this world to judgment,
Some o' these days. Hallelujah!
God's gonna bring this world to judgment,
God's gonna bring this world to judgment,
Some o' these days.

HEAVEN IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE



HEAVEN IS A BEAUTIFUL PLACE

Heaven is a beautiful place,
I know;
It ain't no lyuhs in Heaven,
I know.
If you wawn-ta get to Heaven on time,
You sho got to plumb the line.
Heaven is a beautiful place,
I know.

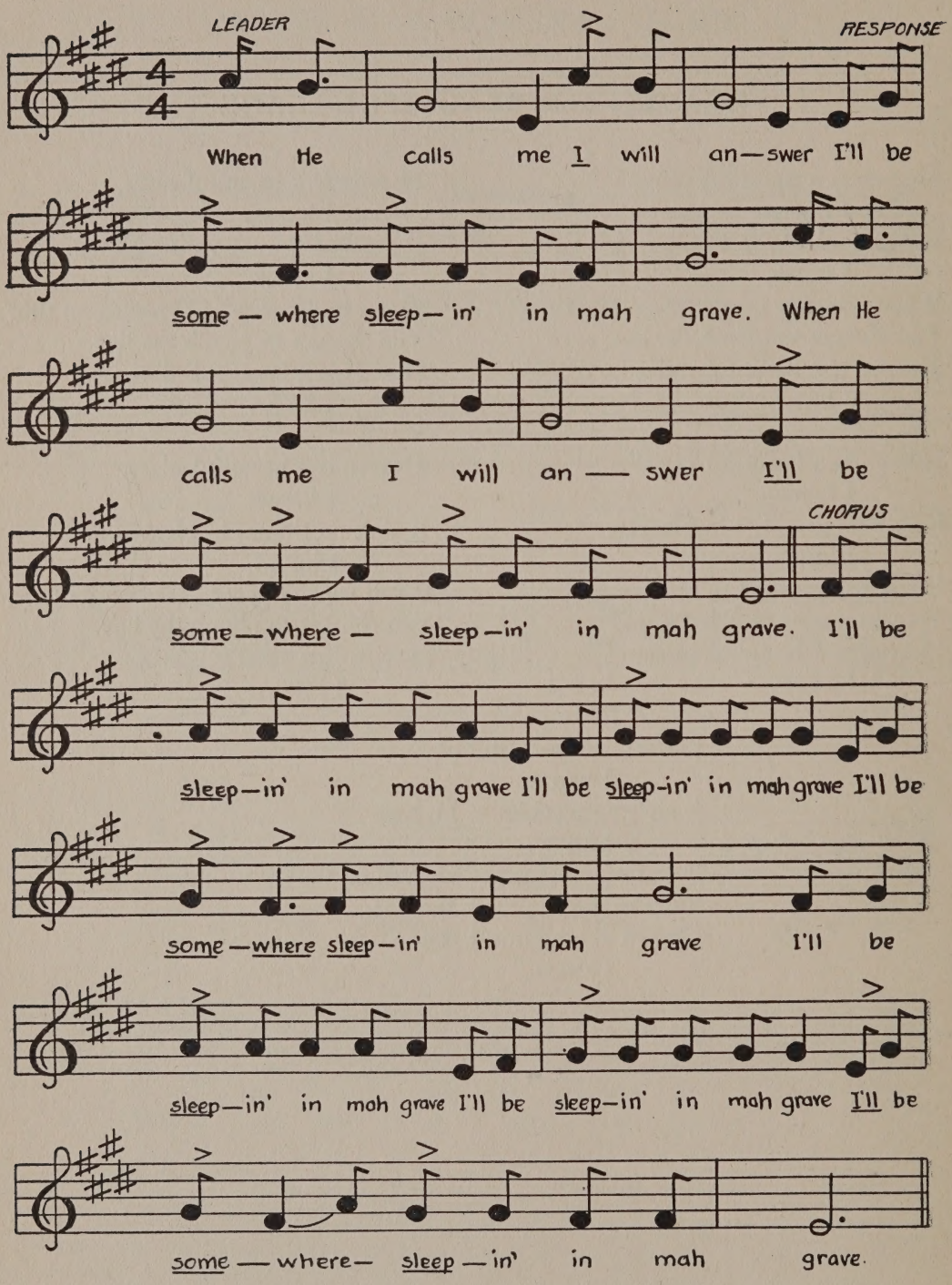
Heaven is a beautiful place,
I know;
It ain't no drunkards in Heaven,
I know.
If you wawn-ta get to Heaven on time,
You sho got to plumb the line.
Heaven is a beautiful place,
I know.

Heaven is a beautiful place,
I know;
It ain't no gamblers in Heaven,
I know.
If you wawn-ta get to Heaven on time,
You sho got to plumb the line.
Heaven is a beautiful place,
I know.

Heaven is a beautiful place,
I know;
It ain't no sinners in Heaven,
I know.
If you wawn-ta get to Heaven on time,
You sho got to plumb the line.
Heaven is a beautiful place,
I know.

Heaven is a beautiful place,
I know;
It ain't no troubles in Heaven,
I know.
If you wawn-ta get to Heaven on time,
You sho got to plumb the line.
Heaven is a beautiful place,
I know.

I'LL BE SLEEPIN' IN MAH GRAVE



I'LL BE SLEEPIN' IN MAH GRAVE

When He calls me I will answer,
I'll be somewhere sleepin' in mah grave;
When He calls me I will answer,
I'll be somewhere sleepin' in mah grave.

CHORUS.
I'll be sleepin' in mah grave,
I'll be sleepin' in mah grave,
I'll be somewhere sleepin' in mah grave.
I'll be sleepin' in mah grave,
I'll be sleepin' in mah grave,
I'll be somewhere sleepin' in mah grave.

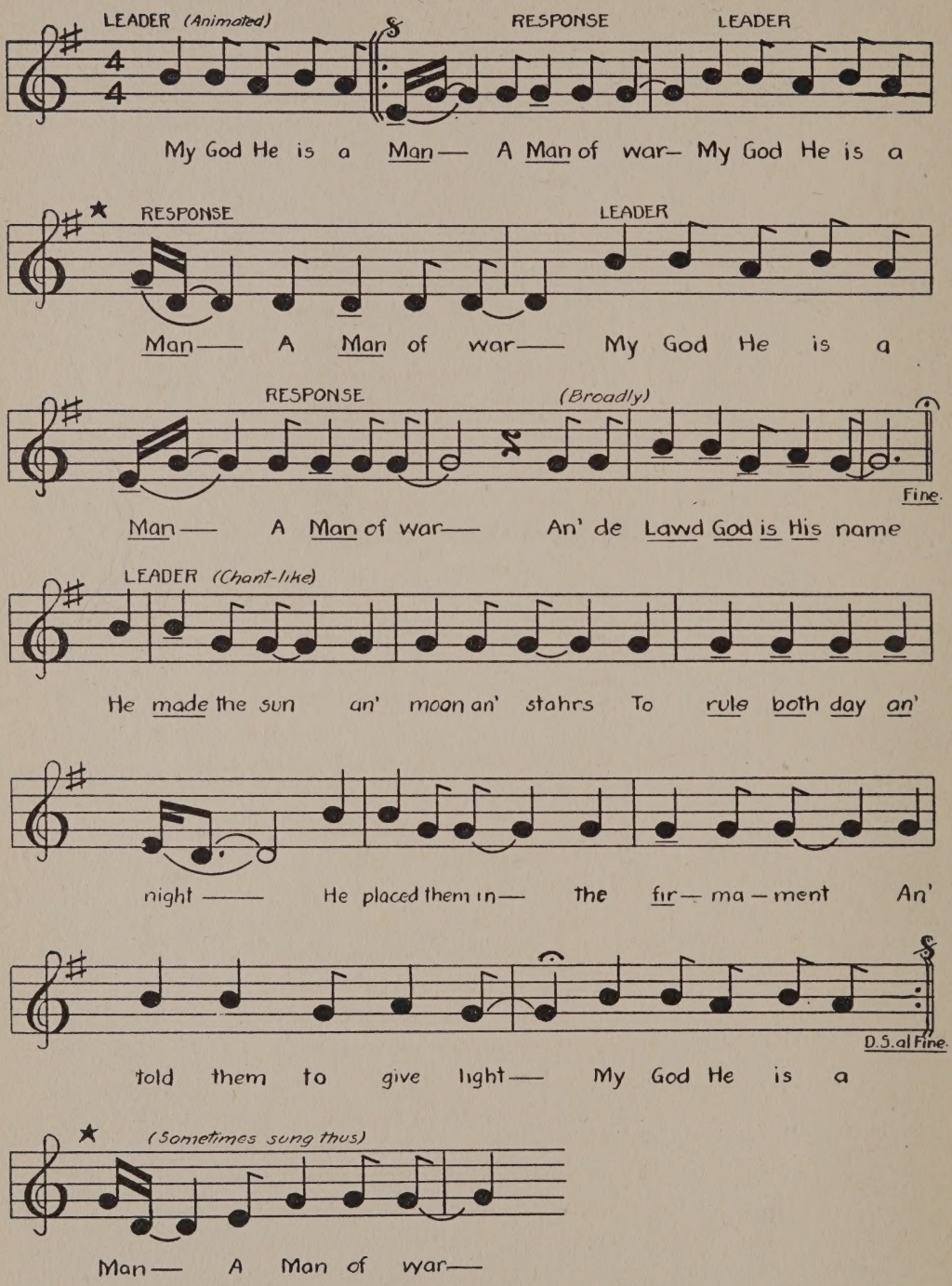
When the Master calls us to Him,
I'll be somewhere sleepin' in mah grave;
When the Master calls us to Him,
I'll be somewhere sleepin' in mah grave.

In that great day when He calls me,
I'll be somewhere sleepin' in mah grave;
In that great day when He calls me,
I'll be somewhere sleepin' in mah grave.

NOTE—This song, as well as many others of this type, is always accompanied by hand clapping and foot motions in contrasting note groups. It is characteristic of so many songs now used in the Negro churches that it is accorded a place in this collection. It is of no great value except that it shows the influence of the cheap music used in the white man's church.

Bible Stories in Song

MY GOD HE IS A MAN OF WAR



MY GOD IS A MAN OF WAR

My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
An' de Lawd God is His name.

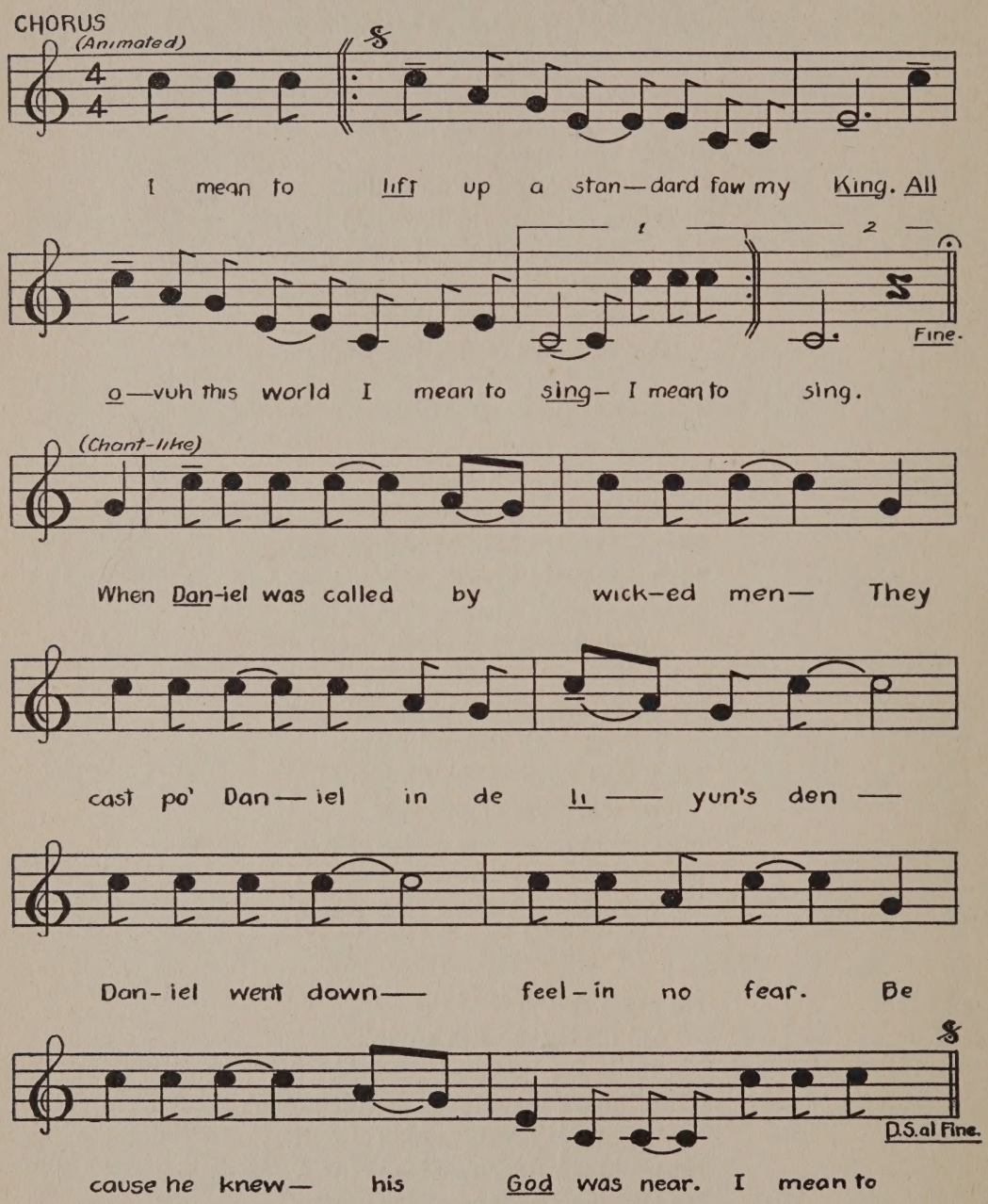
Ho tole Noah to build an ark,
By His Holy plan;
He tole Moses to lead the chillun,
From Egypt to the Promised Lan'.
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
An' de Lawd God is His name.

Long befo' the flyin' clouds,
Befo' the heavens above,
Befo' creation evuh was made,
He had redeemin' love.
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
An' de Lawd God is His name.

He made the sun an' moon an' stahrs,
To rule both day an' night;
He placed them in the firmament,
An' told them to give light.
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
An' de Lawd God is His name.

He made the birds of the air,
An' made the earth aroun';
He made the beasts of the field,
An' made the serpents on the groun'.
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
My God He is a Man—a Man of war,
An' de Lawd God is His name.

I MEAN TO LIFT UP A STANDARD FOR MY KING



I MEAN TO LIFT UP A STANDARD FOR MY KING

I mean to lift up a standard faw my King,
All ovuh this world I mean to sing.

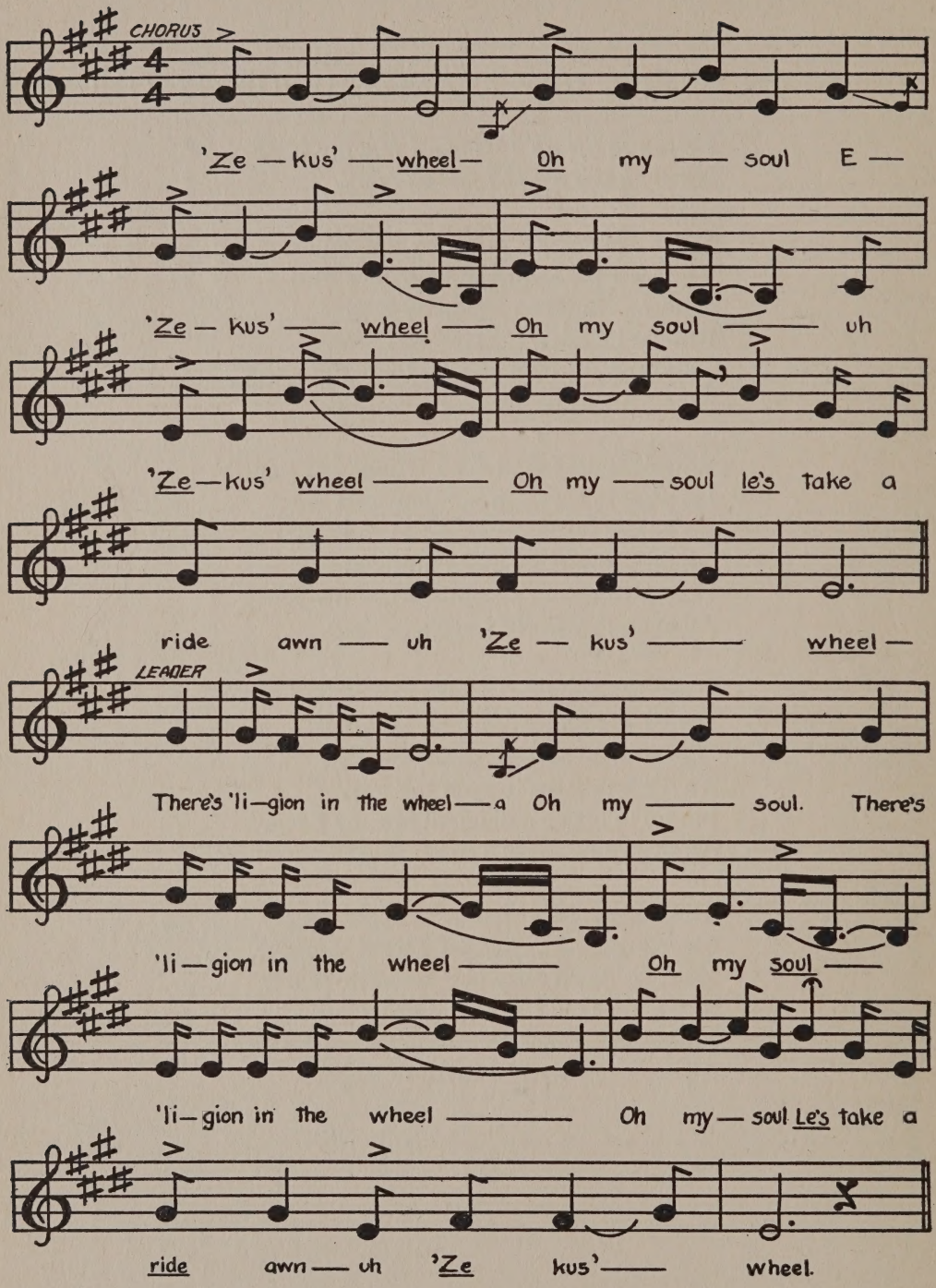
When Daniel was called by wicked men,
They cast po' Daniel in de liyun's den;
Daniel went down feelin' no fear,
Because he knew his God was near.
I mean to lift up a standard faw my King,
All ovuh this world I mean to sing.

When Daniel found out a writin' was signed,
He went to his room in his own set time;
He fell on his knees an' begin to pray,
An' in this sperit I heard him say:
I mean to lift up a standard faw my King,
All ovuh this world I mean to sing.

When the King had signed that wicked decree,
Daniel was found down on his knees;
"I'm goin' to pray three times a day,
An' look to Jesus to open the way."
I mean to lift up a standard faw my King,
All ovuh this world I mean to sing.

The King was in trouble all night long,
He felt that he treated po' Daniel wrong;
He went down early next mawnin' to see,
"King, the God I serve has delivud me."
I mean to lift up a standard faw my King,
All ovah this world I mean to sing.

EZEKIEL'S WHEEL



EZEKIEL'S WHEEL

'Zekus' wheel—Oh, my soul!
E'Zekus' wheel—Oh, my soul!
Uh 'Zekus' wheel—Oh, my soul!
Le's take a ride awn-uh 'Zekus' wheel.

There's 'ligion in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
There's 'ligion in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
'Ligion in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
Le's take a ride awn-uh 'Zekus' wheel.

There's moanin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
There's moanin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
Moanin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
Le's take a ride awn-uh 'Zekus' wheel.

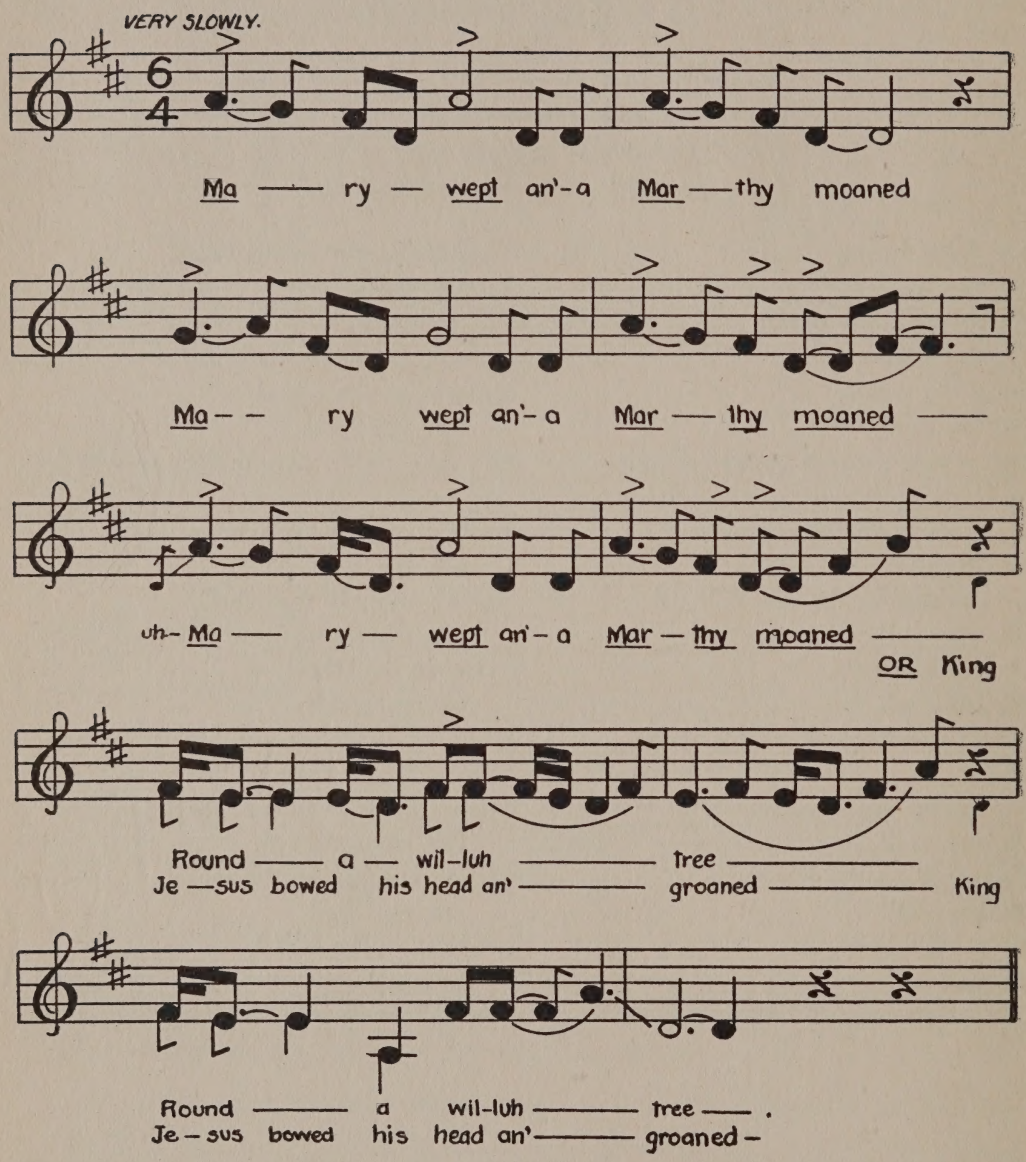
There's prayin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
There's prayin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
Prayin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
Le's take a ride awn-uh 'Zekus' wheel.

There's shoutin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
There's shoutin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
Shoutin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
Le's take a ride awn-uh 'Zekus' wheel.

There's cryin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
There's cryin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
Cryin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
Le's take a ride awn-uh 'Zekus' wheel.

There's laughin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
There's laughin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
Laughin' in the wheel,
    Oh, my soul!
Le's take a ride awn-uh 'Zekus' wheel.

MARY WEPT AN' MARTHY MOANED



MARY WEPT AN' MARTHY MOANED

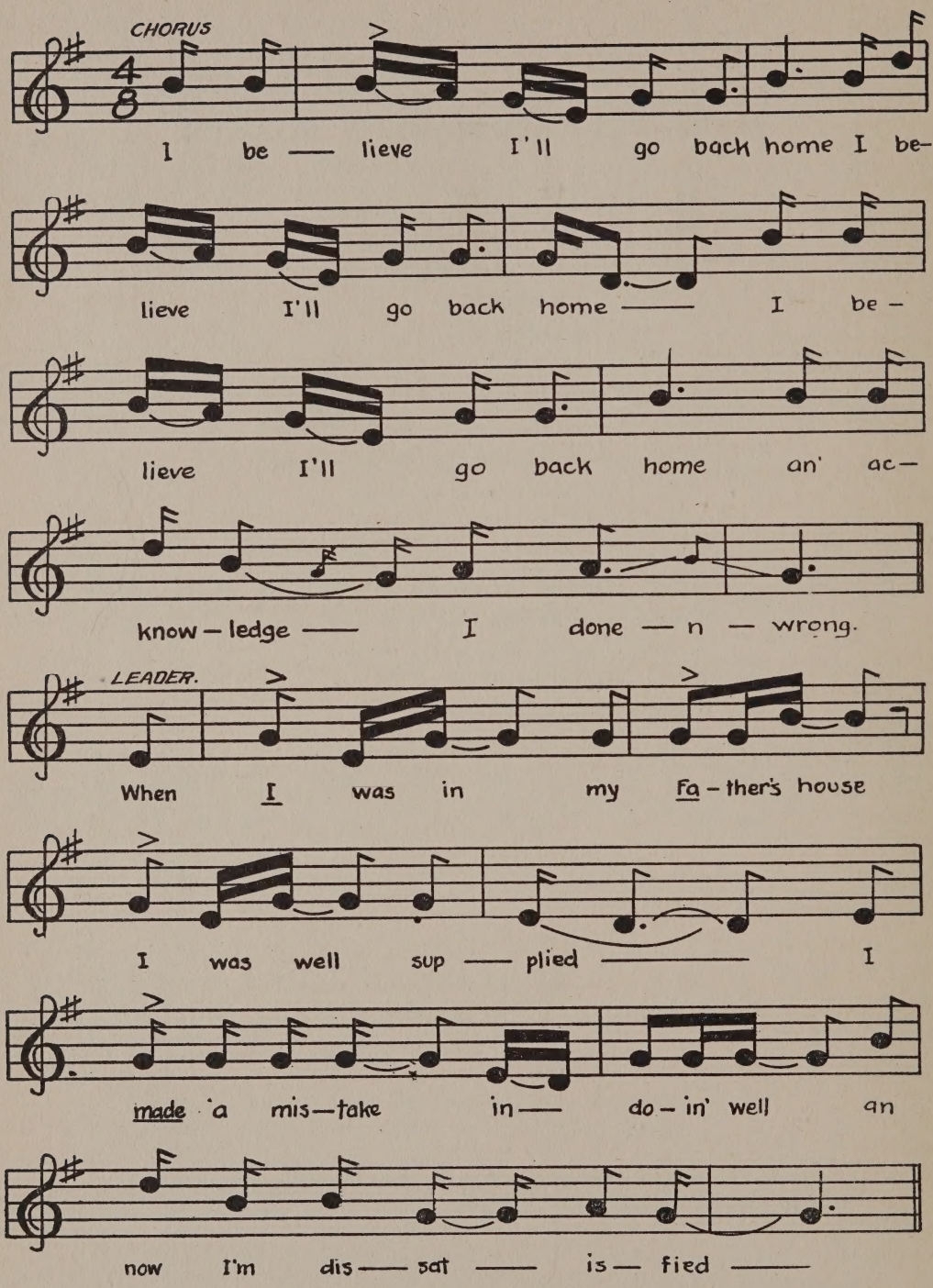
Mary wept an'-a Marthy moaned,
Mary wept an'-a Marthy moaned,
Mary wept an'-a Marthy moaned,
  Round a willuh tree.
  Round a willuh tree.

Who's-a been heah since I've been gone?
Who's-a been heah since I've been gone?
Who's-a been heah since I've been gone?
Good Lawd done come an' gone.
Good Lawd done come an' gone.

I don' wan-tuh live an' die in sin,
I don' wan-tuh live an' die in sin,
I don' wan-tuh live an' die in sin,
Good Lawd delivuh me.
Good Lawd delivuh me.

NOTE—This song is sometimes sung with the lower line, "King Jesus bowed His head an' groaned," as indicated in the music.

I BELIEVE I'LL GO BACK HOME



I BELIEVE I'LL GO BACK HOME

I believe I'll go back home,
I believe I'll go back home,
I believe I'll go back home,
An' acknowledge I done wrong.

When I was in my Father's house,
I was well supplied;
I made a mistake in doin' well,
An' now I'm dissatisfied.

When I was in my Father's house,
I had peace all the time;
But when I left home an' went astray,
I had to feed the swine.

When the Prodigal Son first left home,
He was feelin' happy an' gay;
But he soon found out a riotous life
Was more than he could pay.

When I was in my Father's house,
I had bread enough to spare;
But now I am naked an' hungry, too,
An' I am ashamed to go back there.

When I left home I was in royal robes,
An' sumptuously fed;
But I soon got ragged an' hungry, too,
An' come back home so sad.

When I get home I'll confess my sins,
And Father's love embrace;
I'm no more worthy to be called thy son,
I'll seek a servant's place.

When his Father saw him comin',
He met him with a smile;
He threw his arms around him . . .
"Here comes my lovin' child!"

He spake unto his servants—
"Go kill the fatted calf;
An' call my friends an' neighbors,
My son has come at last."

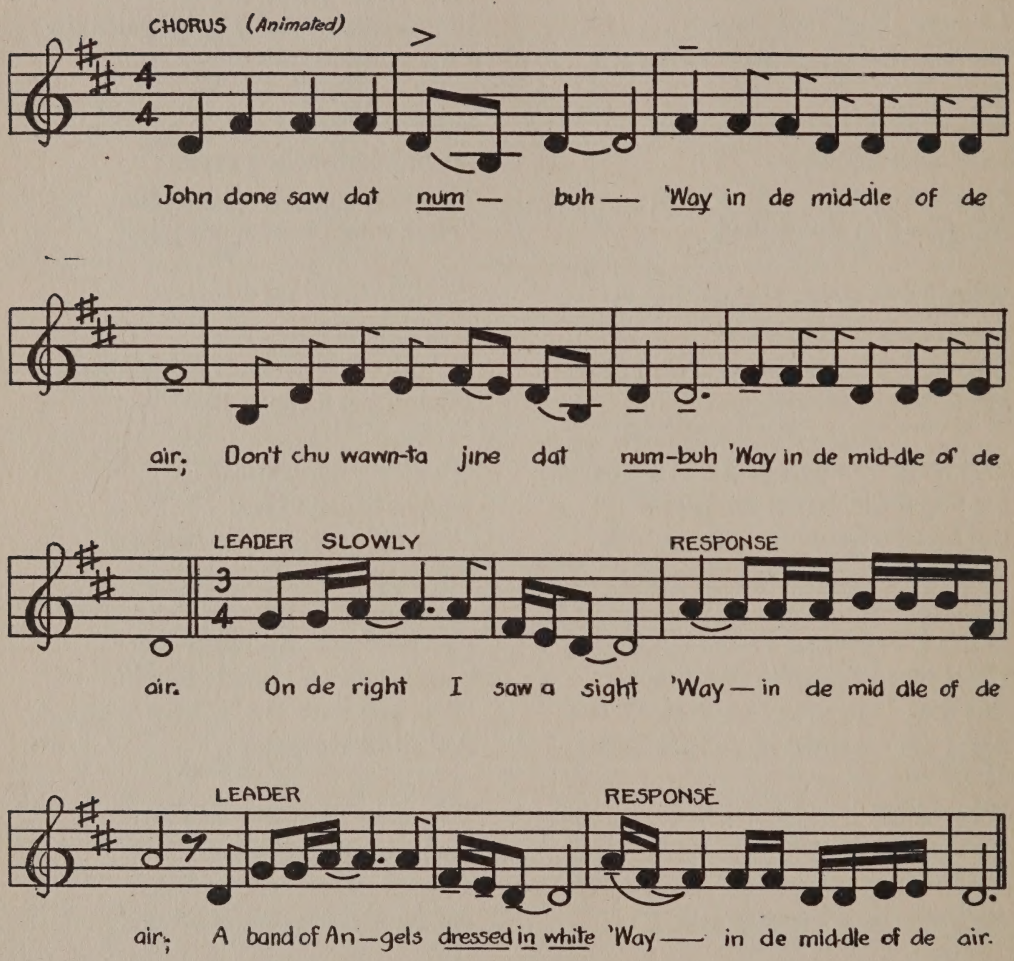
His oldest son got jealous,
And he began to say:
"You did more for my brother,
Who left an' went away."

He spake unto his eldest son—
It was with an humble mind—
"Son, you have always been with me,
An' all I have is thine."

They met together rejoicing,
I imagine it was fine;
The old man he got happy,
An' he was satisfied in mind.

NOTE—This is an excellent version of the many Negro songs about the "Prodigal Son."

JOHN DONE SAW DAT NUMBUH



JOHN DONE SAW DAT NUMBUH

John done saw dat numbuh,
'Way in de middle of de air;
Don't-chu wanta jine dat numbuh,
'Way in de middle of de air?

On de right I saw a sight,
'Way in de middle of de air;
A band of Angels dressed in white,
'Way in de middle of de air.

Havin' great tribulations,
'Way in de middle of de air;
Havin' their harps in their han's,
'Way in de middle of de air.

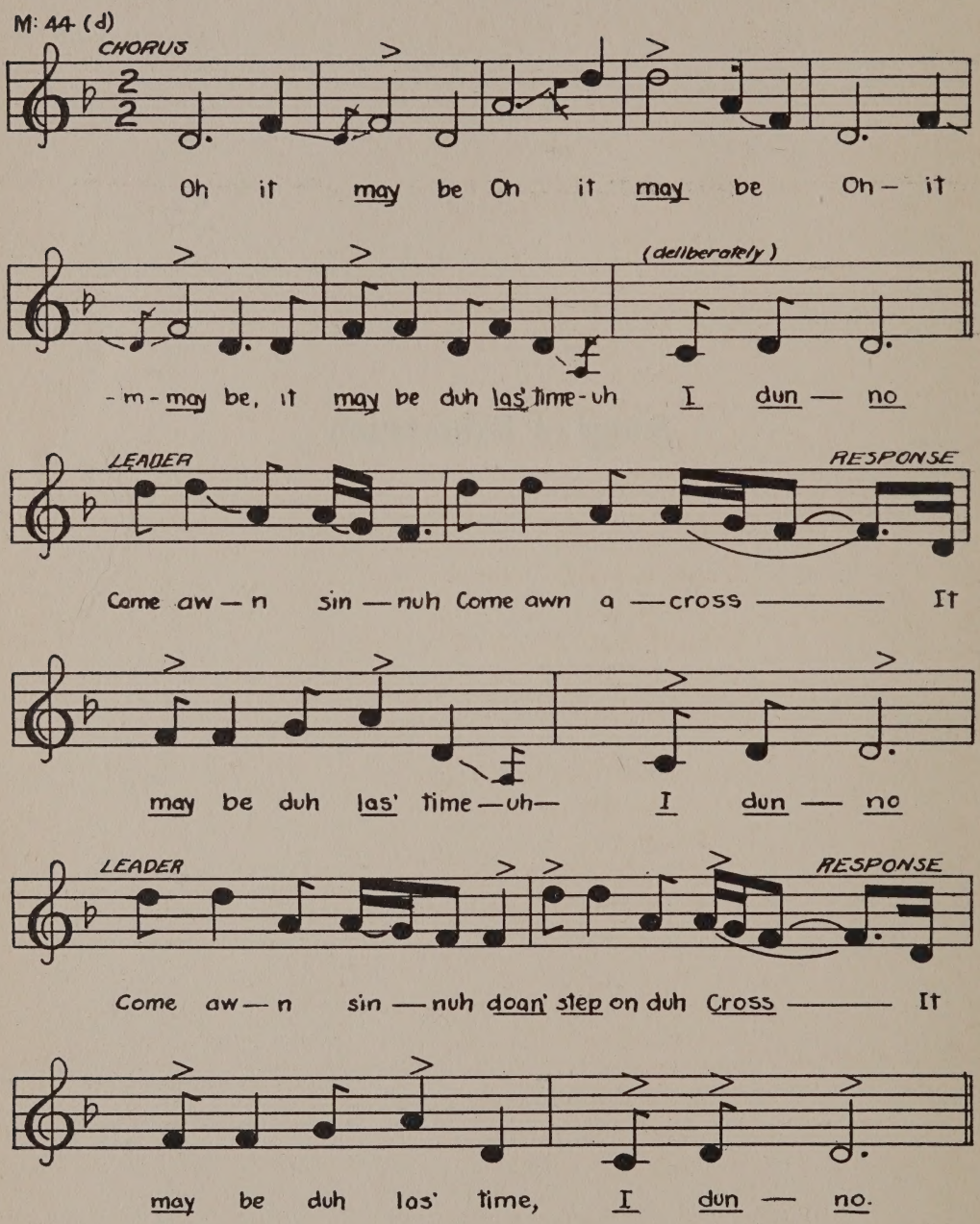
Singin' a new song before the throne,
'Way in de middle of de air;
That Angels in Heabum could not sing,
'Way in de middle of de air.

John done saw dat numbuh,
'Way in de middle of de air;
Comin' up from hard triyuls,
'Way in de middle of de air.

On de left I saw no rest,
'Way in de middle of de air.
I'm gonna talk 'bout God myse'f,
'Way in de middle of de air.

Songs of Exhortation

IT MAY BE DE LAS' TIME



IT MAY BE DE LAS' TIME

Oh, it may be,
Oh, it may be,
Oh, it may be,
It may be duh las' time-uh
I dunno.

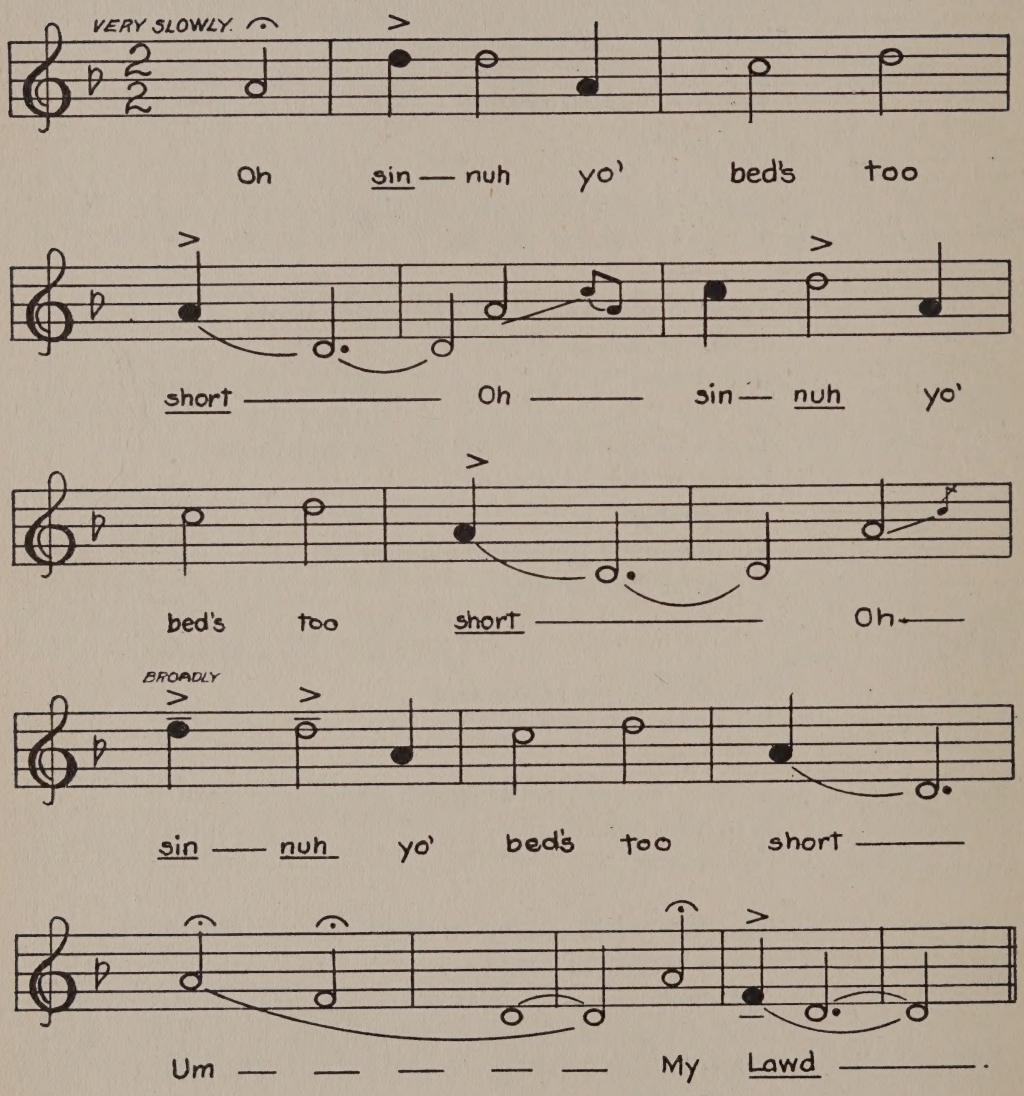
Come awn sinnuh, come awn across,
It may be duh las' time-uh.
I dunno.
Come awn sinnuh, doan' step on duh Cross,
It may be duh las' time.
I dunno.

Look out sinnuh how you step on duh Cross,
It may be duh las' time-uh.
I dunno.
Yo' foot might slip an' yo' soul get lost,
It may be duh las' time.
I dunno.

Sinnuh man you bettuh pray,
It may be duh las' time-uh.
I dunno.
It woan' be long 'tel Jedgment Day,
It may be duh las' time.
I dunno.

The Bible warns you day by day,
It may be duh las' time-uh.
I dunno.
That you got tuh change yo' wicked way,
It may be duh las' time.
I dunno.

OH SINNER


VERY SLOWLY.
Oh sin — nuh yo' bed's too
short — Oh — sin — nuh yo'
bed's too short — Oh —
BROADLY
sin — nuh yo' bed's too short —
Um — — — — — My Lawd —.

OH SINNER

Oh, sinnuh, yo' bed's too short,
Oh, sinnuh, yo' bed's too short,
Oh, sinnuh, yo' bed's too short,
Um . . . . . My Lawd.

Oh, sinnuh, you better pray,
Oh, sinnuh, you better pray,
Oh, sinnuh, you better pray,
Um . . . . . My Lawd.

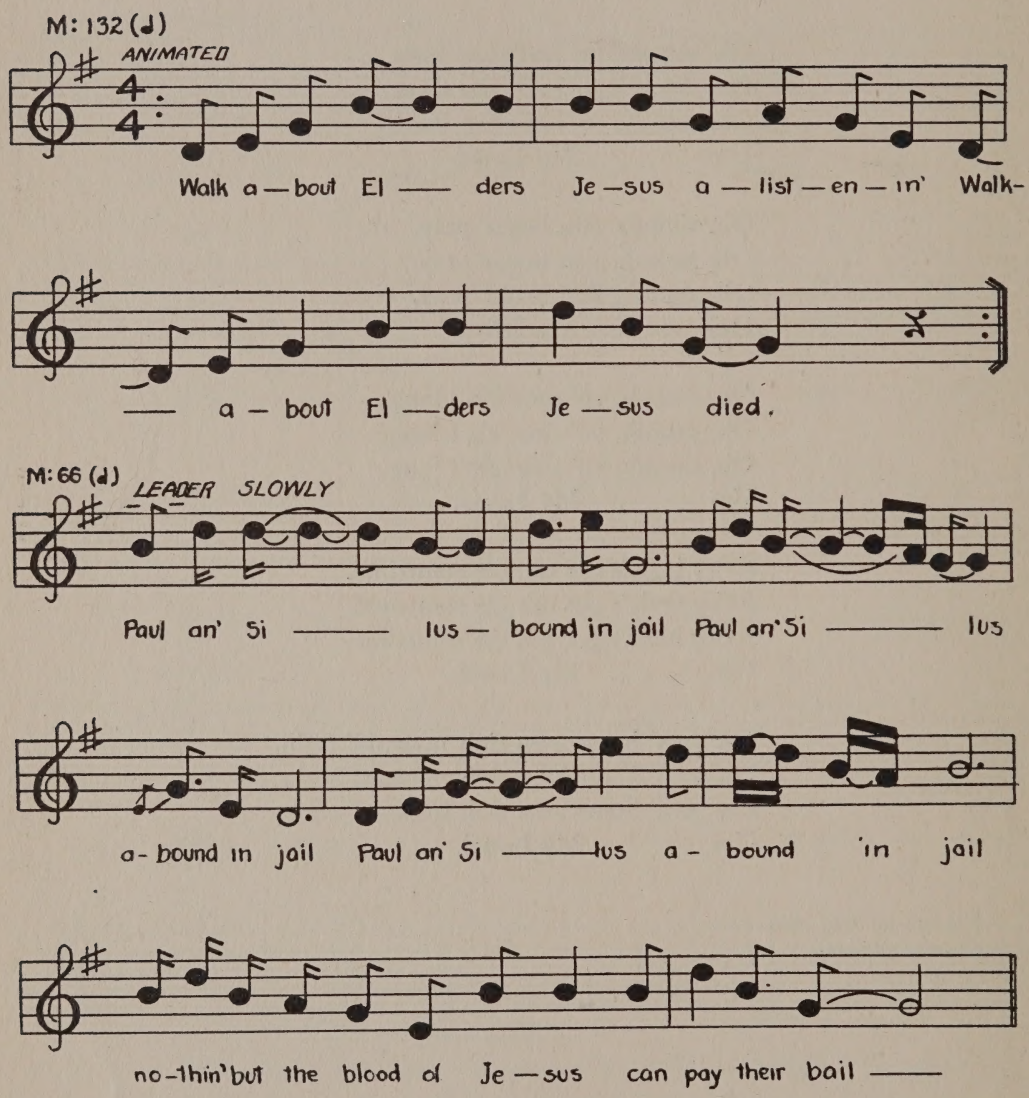
Oh, sinnuh, yo' time ain't long,
Oh, sinnuh, yo' time ain't long,
Oh, sinnuh, yo' time ain't long,
Um . . . . . My Lawd.

Ev'ry body's got tuh die sometime,
Ev'ry body's got tuh die sometime,
Ev'ry body's got tuh die sometime,
Um . . . . . My Lawd.

I'm goin' home awn duh mawnin' train,
I'm goin' home awn duh mawnin' train,
I'm goin' home awn duh mawnin' train,
Um . . . . . My Lawd.

Kindness of Miss Alice Camp,
Gadsden, Alabama.

WALK ABOUT ELDERS



WALK ABOUT ELDERS

Walk about Elders, Jesus a listenin';
Walk about Elders, Jesus died.

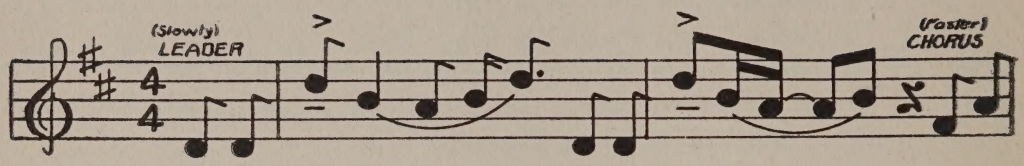
Paul an' Silus bound in jail,
Paul an' Silus a-bound in jail;
Paul an' Silus a-bound in jail,
Nothin' but the blood of Jesus can pay their bail.
Walk about Elders, Jesus a listenin';
Walk about Elders, Jesus died.

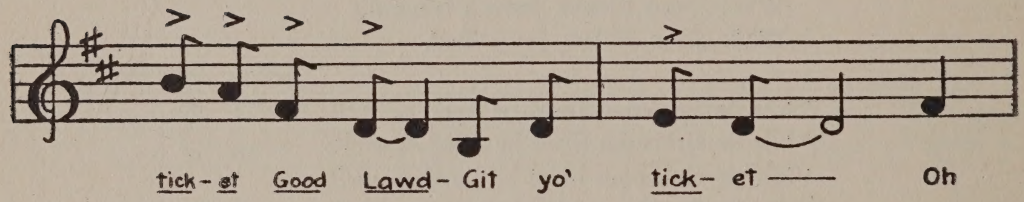
Good ole Daniel in de Lion's Den,
Good ole Daniel in de Lion's Den;
Good ole Daniel in de Lion's Den,
None but de lowly Jesus was his frien'.
Walk about Elders, Jesus a listenin';
Walk about Elders, Jesus died.

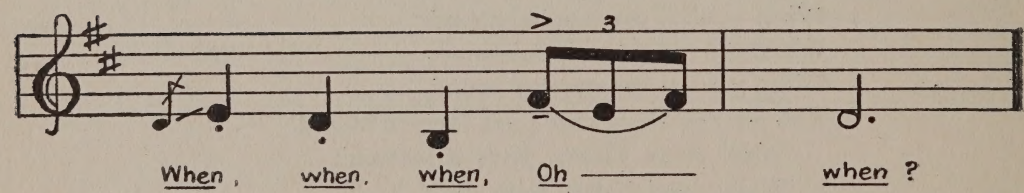
While de rich man lived he lived so well,
While de rich man lived he lived so well;
While de rich man lived he lived so well,
When he died he made his home in Hell.
Walk about Elders, Jesus a listenin';
Walk about Elders, Jesus died.

When you see me standin' round,
When you see me standin' round;
When you see me standin' round,
You jes' can know that I am Heaven bound.
Walk about Elders, Jesus a listenin';
Walk about Elders, Jesus died.

GIT YO' TICKET







GIT YO' TICKET

Git yo' ticket,
Git yo' ticket,
Git yo' ticket, Good Lawd.
Git yo' ticket,
Oh! When, when, when,
Oh! When?

Train's a-comin',
Train's a-comin',
Train's a-comin', Good Lawd.
Train's a-comin',
Oh! When, when, when,
Oh! When?

Bound for Glory,
Bound for Glory,
Bound for Glory, Good Lawd.
Bound for Glory,
Oh! When, when, when,
Oh! When?

I can tell it,
I can tell it,
I can tell it, Good Lawd.
I can tell it,
Oh! When, when, when,
Oh! When?

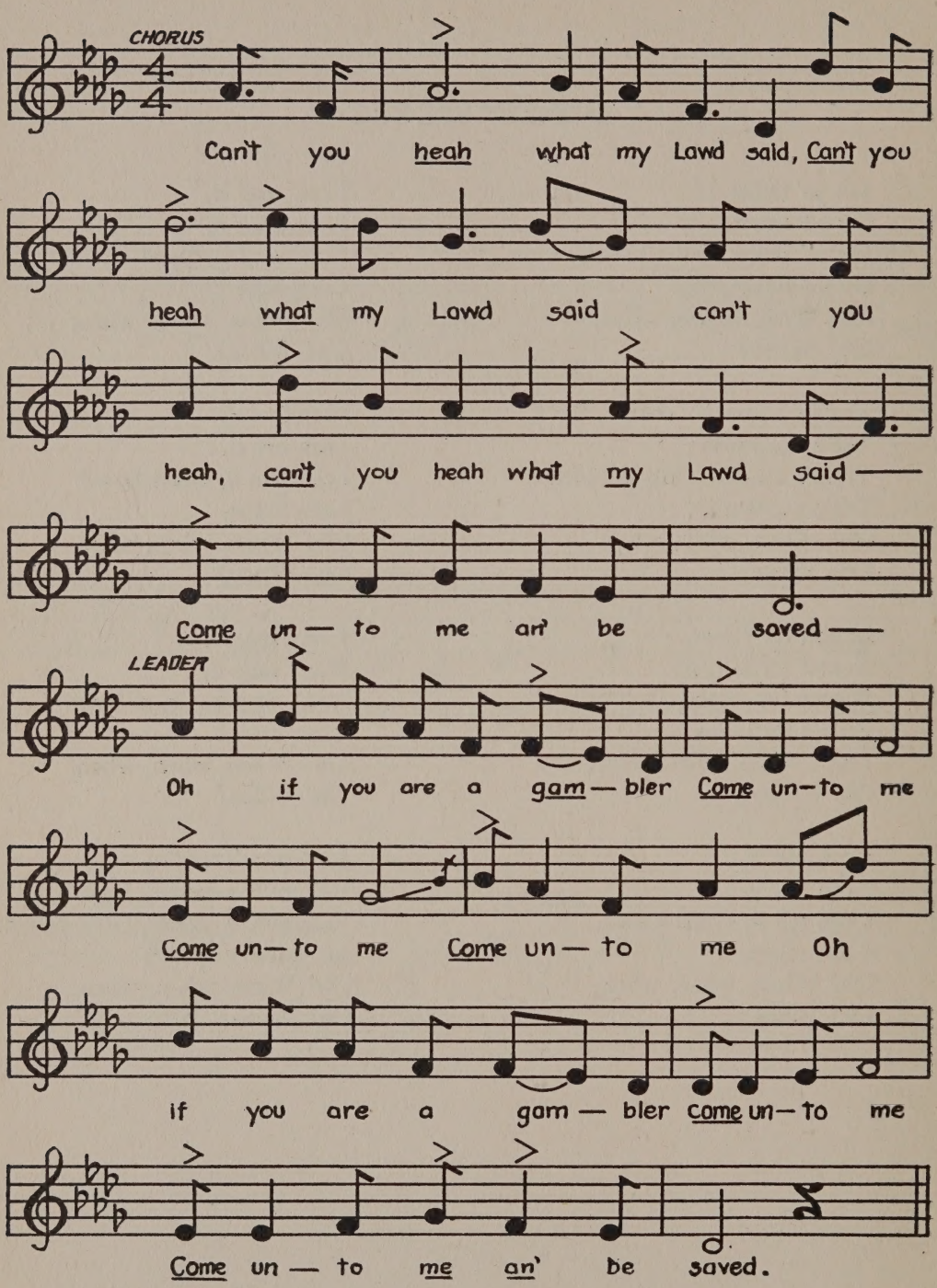
I can read it,
I can read it,
I can read it, Good Lawd.
I can read it,
Oh! When, when, when,
Oh! When?

I can live it,
I can live it,
I can live it, Good Lawd.
I can live it,
Oh! When, when, when,
Oh! When?

I can sing it,
I can sing it,
I can sing it, Good Lawd.
I can sing it,
Oh! When, when, when,
Oh! When?

Judgmunt's comin',
Judgmunt's comin',
Judgmunt's comin', Good Lawd.
Judgmunt's comin',
Oh! When, when, when,
Oh! When?

COME UNTO ME


CHORUS
Can't you heah what my Lawd said, Can't you
heah what my Lawd said can't you
heah, can't you heah what my Lawd said —
Come un — to me an' be saved —
LEADER
Oh if you are a gam — bler Come un — to me
Come un — to me Come un — to me Oh
if you are a gam — bler come un — to me
Come un — to me an' be saved.

COME UNTO ME

Can't you heah what my Lawd said,
Can't you heah what my Lawd said,
Can't You heah?
Can't you heah what my Lawd said,
Come unto me an' be saved.

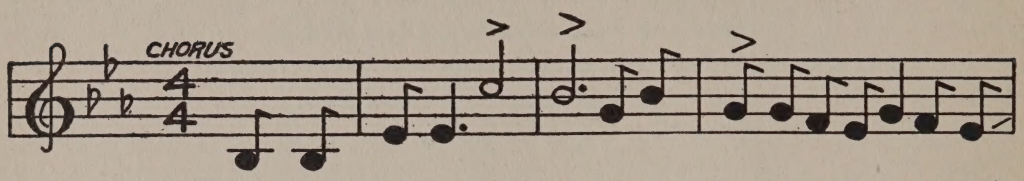
Oh, if you are a gambler,
Come unto me,
Come unto me,
Come unto me.
Oh, if you are gambler,
Come unto me.
Come unto me an' be saved.

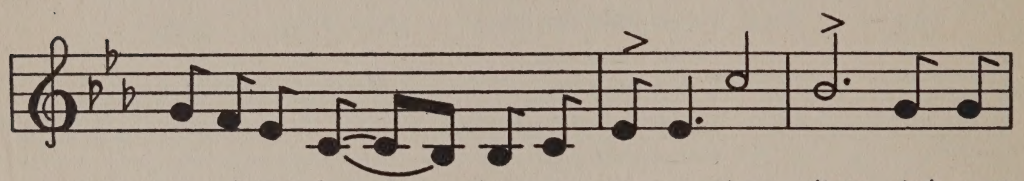
Oh, if you are a liah,
Come unto me,
Come unto me,
Come unto me.
Oh, if you are a liah,
Come unto me.
Come unto me an' be saved.

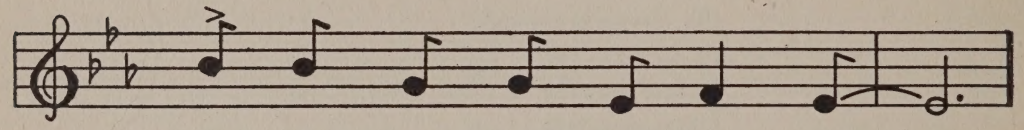
Oh, if you are a murderuh,
Come unto me,
Come unto me,
Come unto me.
Oh, if you are a murderuh,
Come unto me.
Come unto me an' be saved.

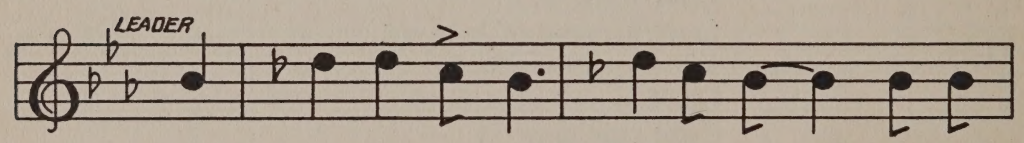
Oh, if you are a sinnuh,
Come unto me,
Come unto me,
Come unto me,
Oh, if you are a sinnuh,
Come unto me.
Come unto me an' be saved.

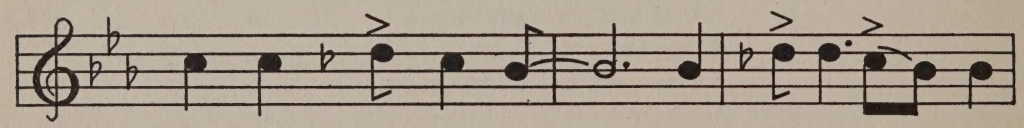
YO' SINS ARE GONNA FIND YOU OUT

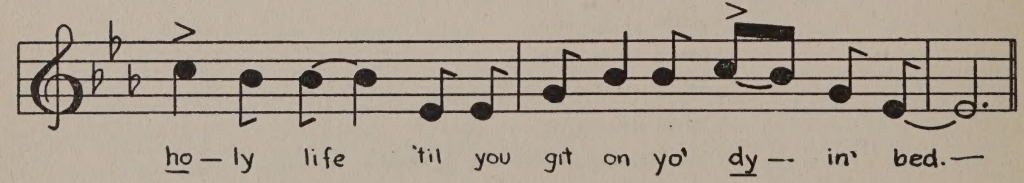












YO' SINS ARE GONNA FIND YOU OUT

You can run a long time
With the covuh of the world pulled a'ovah yo' face;
You can run a long time,
But yo' sins uh gonna find you out.

We have some people in de church,
You have often heard it said,
You cannot live that holy life
'Til you git on yo' dyin' bed.

We have some people in de church,
Who love to sing an 'pray;
They love to shout an' testify,
But take the Bible away.

Just let me tell you about a liar,
He will not do to trust;
He will tell a lie to make a fuss,
An' tell another to make it wuss.

I can see that sister shoutin',
She seems to be mighty glad;
But as soon as you preach the Bible true,
You are sure to make her mad.

We have some people in de church,
Believes in having two wives;
An' when you call him to council,
His temper will begin to rise.

We have some preachers in de church,
With a wife an' a sweetheart, too;
They seem to be living satisfied,
But God has a time for you.

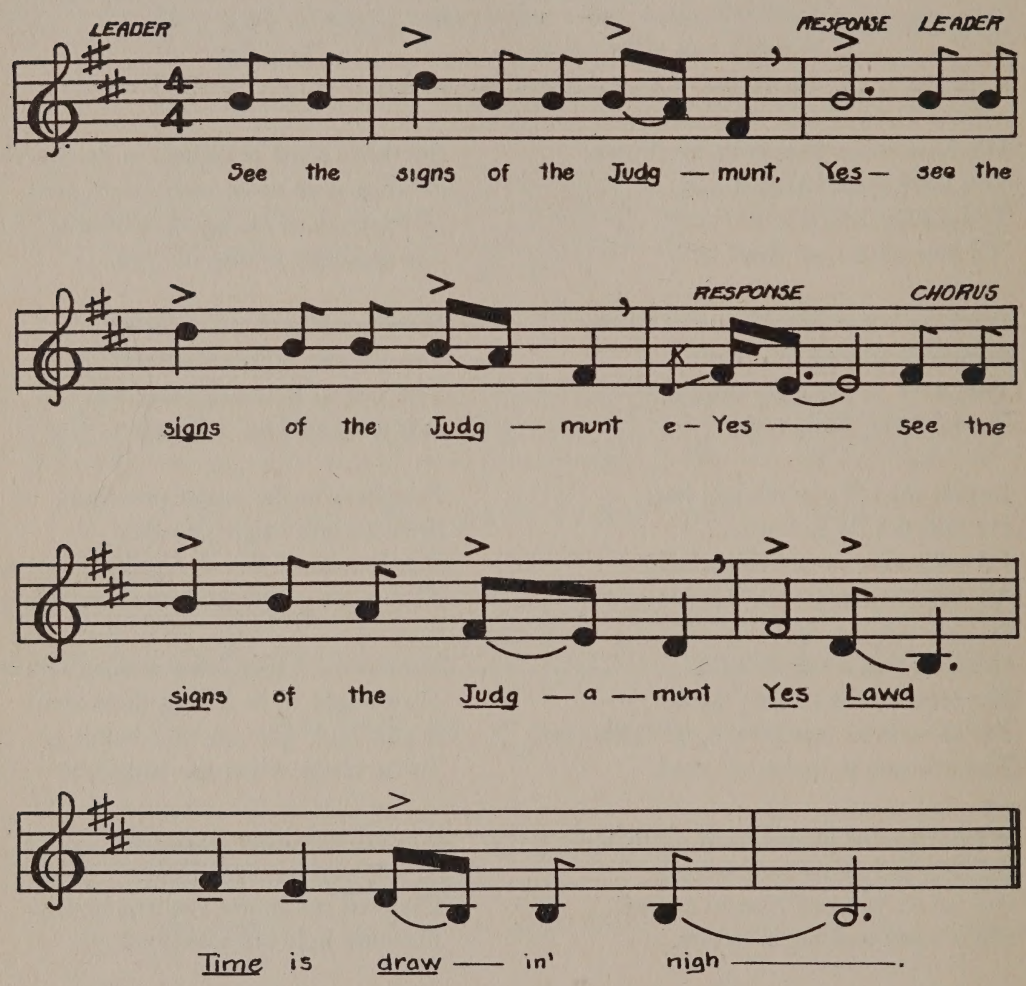
Some preachers out a preachin',
Just for the preacher's name;
The gospel they are preachin',
It is a scandal an' a shame.

Preachers in the pulpit preachin',
Seem to talk mighty sweet;
But the reason they don't like holiness,
They want to court every sister they meet.

Some women love other women's husbands
They ought to be loving their own;
If you ain't got one you better get one,
To be ready when the judgment comes.

You say you been converted,
Be sure you have not lied;
They tell me in my Father's house,
They are holy an' sanctified.

TIME IS DRAWIN' NIGH



TIME IS DRAWIN' NIGH

See the signs of the Judgmunt, yes,
See the signs of the Judgmunt, yes,
See the signs of the Judgamunt, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

God talkin' in the lightenin', yes,
An' He's talkin' in the thunder, yes,
An' the world's all a-wonder, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

See the sign of the fig tree, yes,
My Jesus said it would be, yes,
The sign of the Judgamunt, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

Loose horse in the valley, yes,
Don't you hear him laughin', yes,
He's laughin' like Judgamunt, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

God told Moses, yes,
Sanctify the people, yes,
An' take to the mountains, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

In the city of Jerusalem, yes,
On the day of Pentecost, yes.
The people received the Holy Ghost, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

Who is that yonduh, yes,
Comin' from Eden, yes,
Dyed garments from Bozah, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

It looks like Jesus, yes,
Glorious in His appearance, yes,
Treadin' the wine press, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

Thy Kingdom come, yes,
Thy will be done, yes,
They'll speak in other tongues, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

They will hate one another, yes,
My Jesus said it would be, yes,
They'll take you in council, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

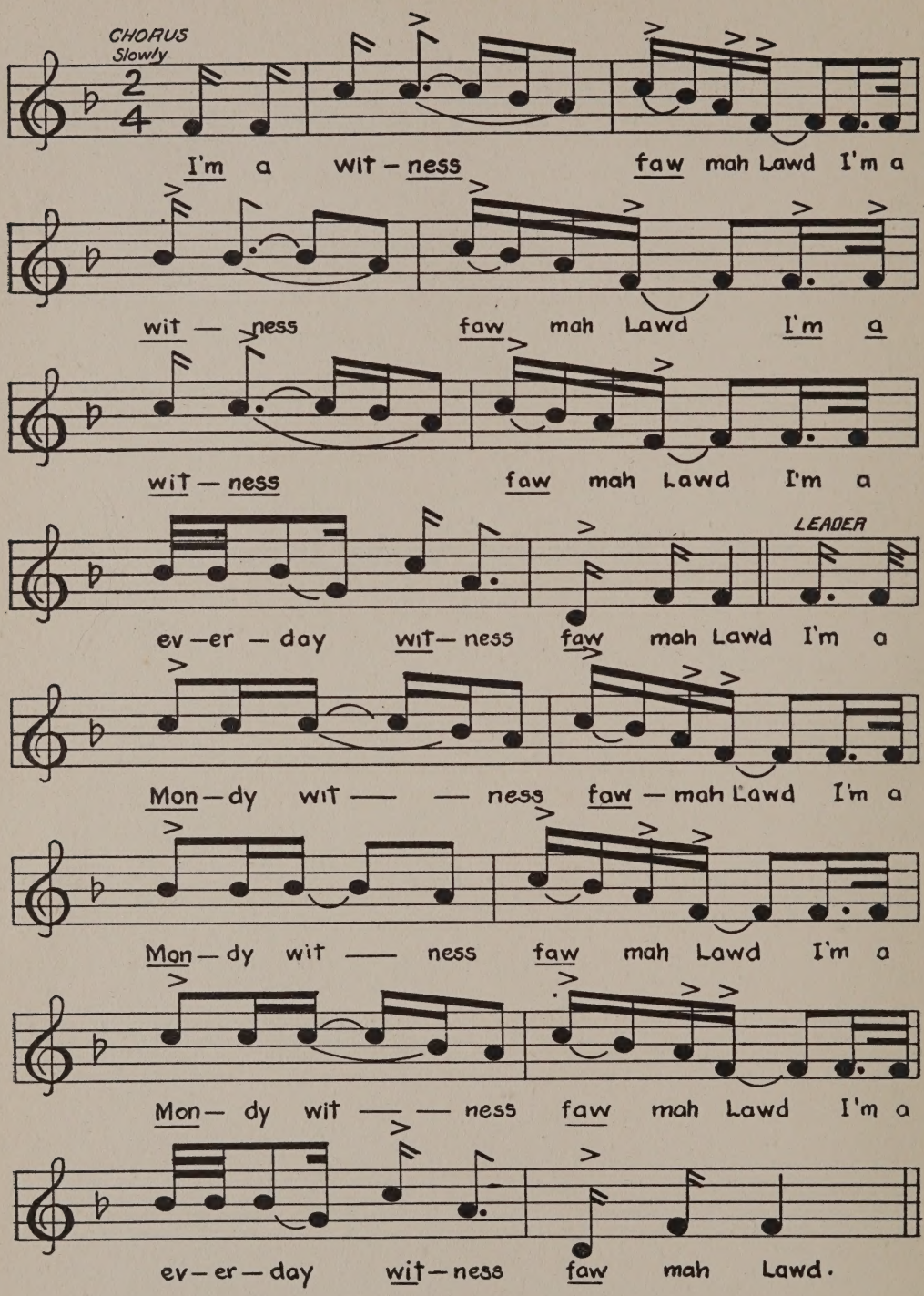
Have you been converted, yes,
Sanctified an' holy, yes,
Baptized with the Holy Ghost, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

I have my ticket, yes,
It takes a holy ticket, yes,
Signed all the way to glory, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

Come on children, yes,
Let's go to glory, yes,
An' don't get tired, yes, Lawd,
Time is drawin' nigh.

Songs of Service and Personal Experience

I'M AN EVERYDAY WITNESS



I'M AN EVERYDAY WITNESS

I'm a witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a everday witness faw mah Lawd.

I'm a Mondy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Mondy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Mondy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a everday witness faw mah Lawd.

I'm a Tuesdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Tuesdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Tuesdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a everday witness faw mah Lawd.

I'm a Wednesdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Wednesdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Wednesdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a everday witness faw mah Lawd.

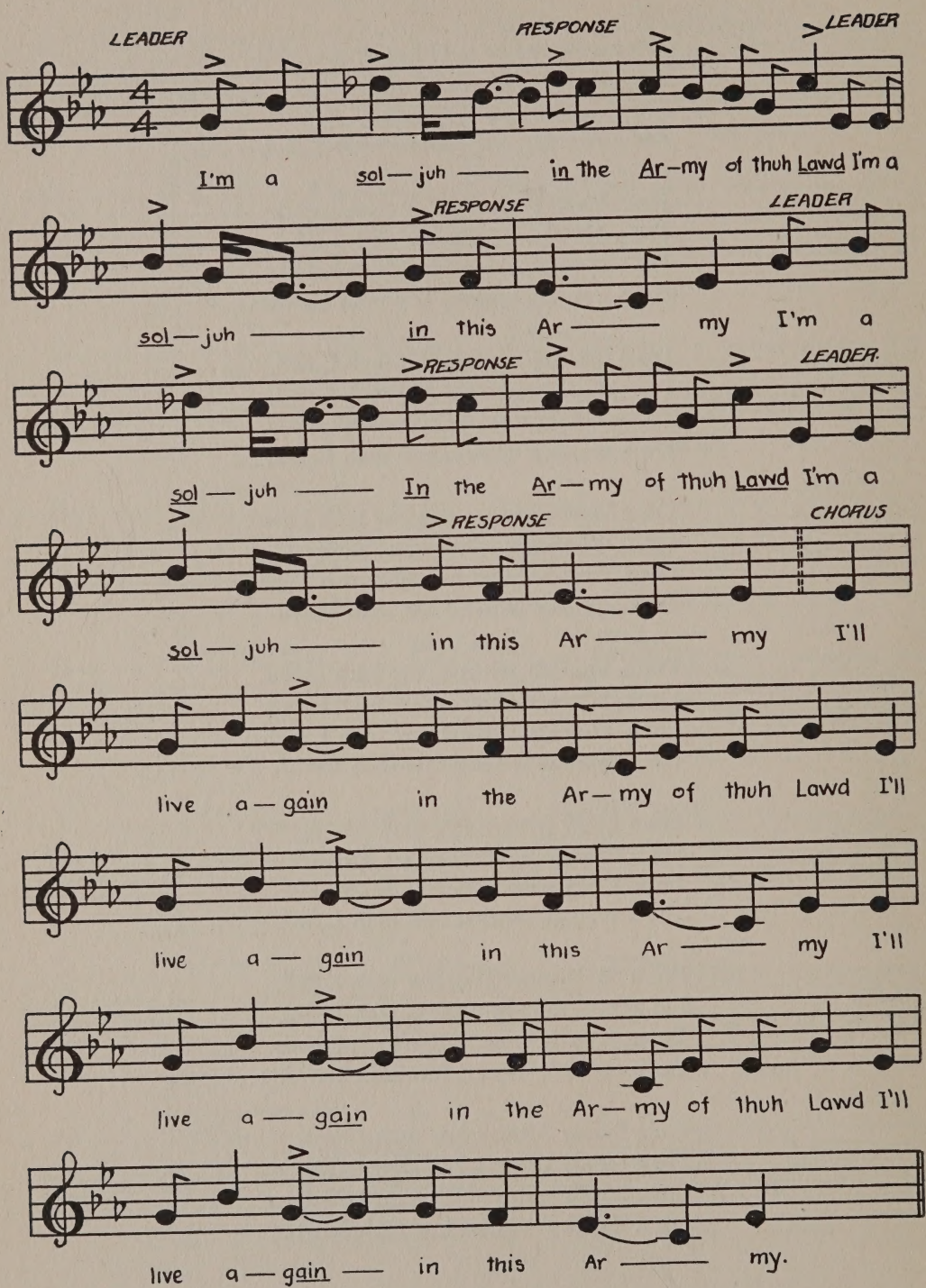
I'm a Thursdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Thursdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Thursdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a everday witness faw mah Lawd.

I'm a Fridy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Fridy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Fridy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a everday witness faw mah Lawd.

I'm a Saturdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Saturdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Saturdy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a everday witness faw mah Lawd.

I'm a Sundy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Sundy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a Sundy witness faw mah Lawd,
I'm a everday witness faw mah Lawd.

IN THE ARMY OF THE LORD



IN THE ARMY OF THE LORD

I'm a soljuh in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  I'm a soljuh in this Army;
I'm a soljuh in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  I'm a soljuh in this Army.
I'll live again in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  I'll live again in this Army;
I'll live again in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  I'll live again in this Army.

Ef a man dies in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  Ef a man dies in this Army;
Ef a man dies in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  Ef a man dies in this Army.
He'll live again in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  He'll live again in this Army;
He'll live again in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  He'll live again in this Army.

I've had a hahd time in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  Had a hahd time in this Army;
I've had a hahd time in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  Had a hahd time in this Army.
I'm fightin' faw mah rights in the Army
    of thuh Lawd,
  I'm fightin' faw mah rights in this Army;
I'm fightin' faw mah rights in the Army
    of thuh Lawd,
  I'm fightin' faw mah rights in this Army.

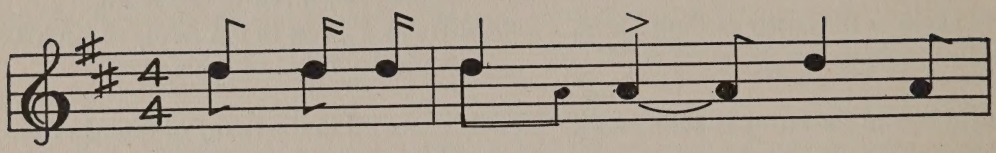
I've come a long way in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  Come along way in this Army;
I've come a long way in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  Come a long way in this Army.
Some day I'll rest in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  Some day I'll rest in this Army;
Some day I'll rest in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  Some day I'll rest in this Army.

My soul died in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  My soul died in this Army;
My soul died in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  My soul died in this Army.
It'll live again in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  It'll live again in this Army;
It'll live again in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  It'll live again in this Army.

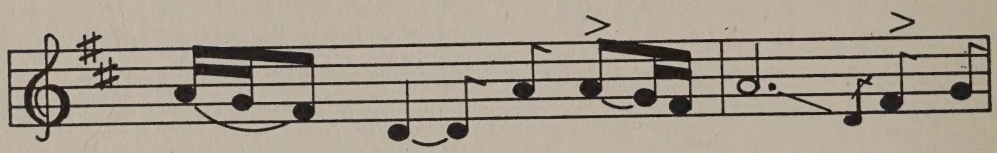
Hosyannah, in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  Hosyannah, in this Army;
Hosyannah, in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  Hosyannah, in this Army.
We'll live again in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  We'll live again in this Army;
We'll live again in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  We'll live again in this Army.

My mother died in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  My mother died in this Army;
My mother died in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  My mother died in this Army.
She'll live again in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  She'll live again in this Army;
She'll live again in the Army of thuh Lawd,
  She'll live again in this Army.

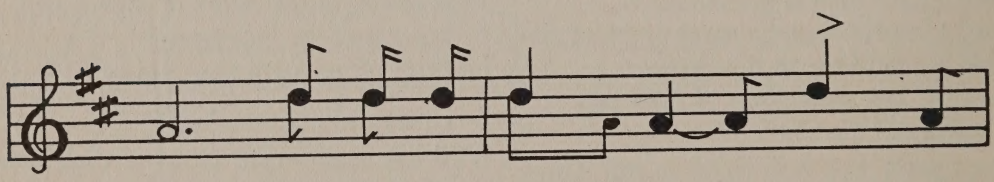
I WANTA LIVE SO GOD CAN USE ME



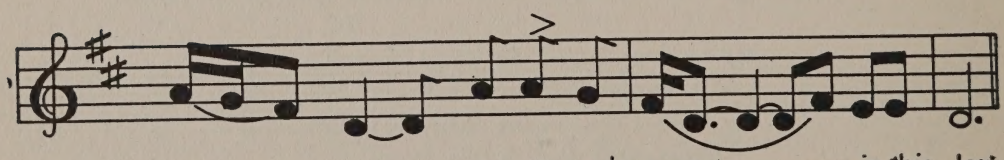
I wan — ta live so —— God can
Treat my neigh — bors so —— etc



use —— me —— Vic — to — ri — ous —— a in this



Lan' I wan — ta live so —— God can
Treat my neigh — bors so —— etc



use —— me —— vic — to — ri — ous —— in this lan'.

I WANTA LIVE SO GOD CAN USE ME

I wanta live so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan';
I wanta live so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan'.

I wanta walk so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan';
I wanta walk so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan'.

I wanta pray so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan';
I wanta pray so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan'.

I wanta sing so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan';
I wanta sing so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan'.

I wanta work so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan';
I wanta work so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan'.

I wanta preach so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan';
I wanta preach so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan'.

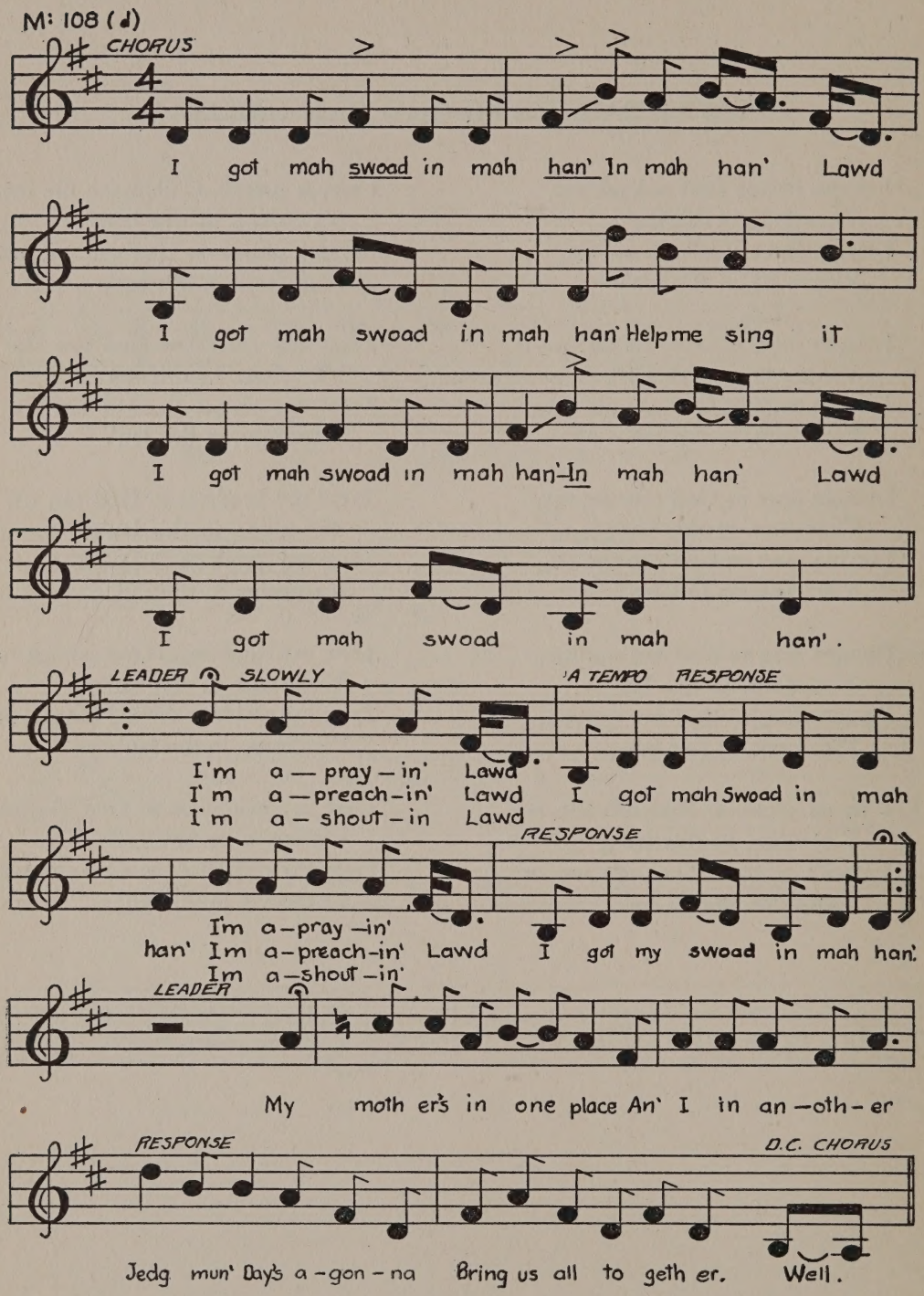
Treat my sisters so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan';
Treat my sisters so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan'.

Treat my brothers so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan';
Treat my brothers so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan'.

Treat my children so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan';
Treat my children so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan'.

Treat my neighbors so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan';
Treat my neighbors so God can use me,
Victorious, in this lan'.

I GOT MAH SWOAD IN MAH HAN'



I GOT MAH SWOAD IN MAH HAN'

I got mah swoad in mah han',
In mah han', Lawd;
I got mah swoad in mah han',
Help me sing it.
I got my swoad in mah han',
In mah han', Lawd;
I got my swoad in mah han'.

I'm a-prayin', Lawd,
I got mah swoad in mah han';
I'm a-prayin', Lawd,
I got mah swoad in mah han'.
I'm a-preachin', Lawd,
I got mah swoad in mah han'.
I'm a-preachin', Lawd,
I got mah swoad in mah han'.
I'm a-shoutin', Lawd,
I got mah swoad in mah han'.
I'm a-shoutin', Lawd,
I got mah swoad in mah han'.

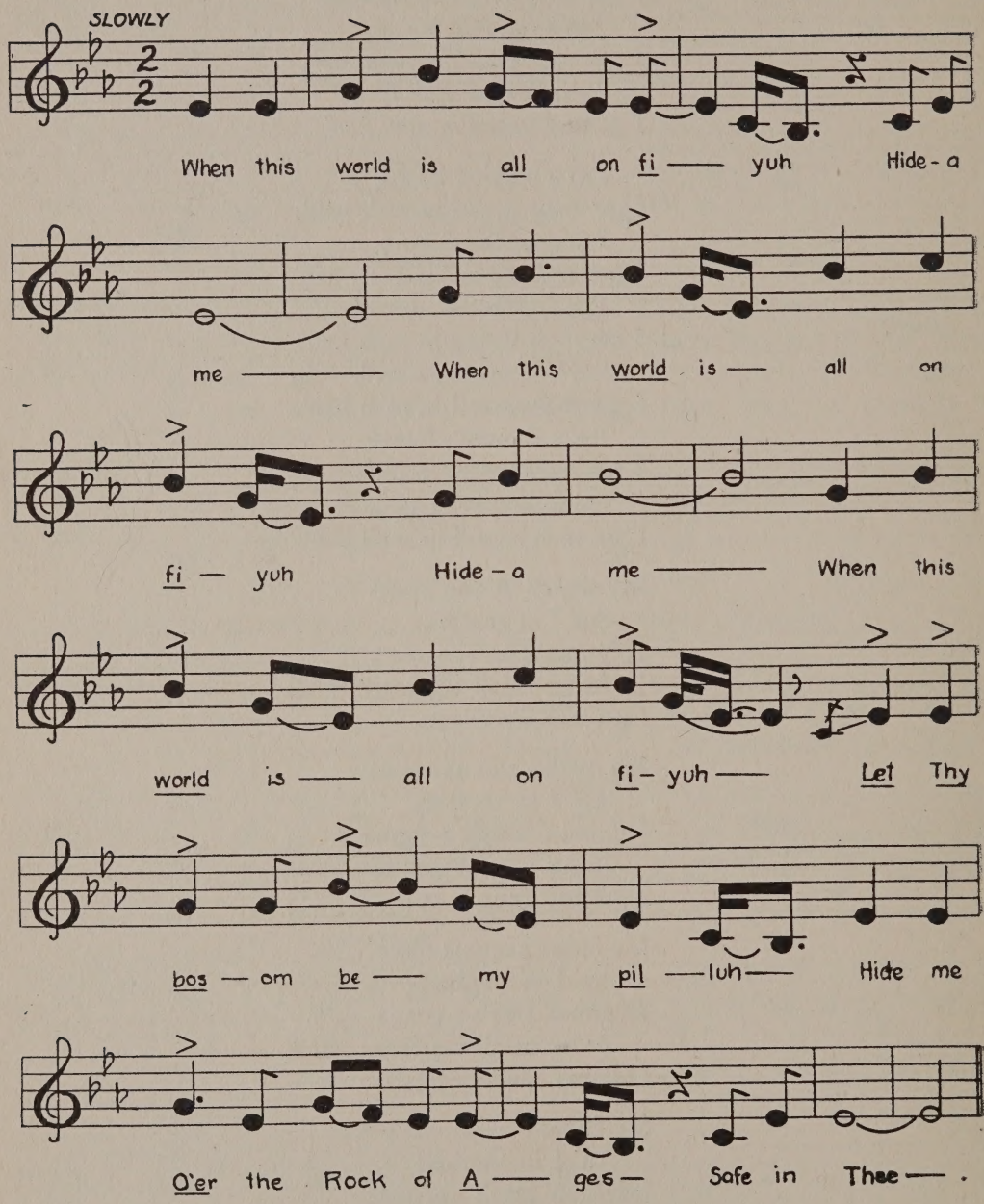
My sister's in one place
An' I in another;
Jedgmun' Day's a-gonna
Bring us all together. Well,
I got mah swoad, *etc.*

My mother's in one place
An' I in another;
Jedgmun' Day's a-gonna
Bring us all together. Well,
I got my swoad, *etc.*

My father's in one place
An' I in another;
Jedgmun' Day's a-gonna
Bring us all together. Well,
I got my swoad, *etc.*

My friends are in one place
An' I in another;
Jedgmun' Day's a-gonna
Bring us all together. Well,
I got my swoad, *etc.*

HIDE-A-ME


SLOWLY
When this world is all on fi — yuh Hide-a
me — When this world is — all on
fi — yuh Hide-a me — When this
world is — all on fi- yuh — Let Thy
bos — om be — my pil — luh — Hide me
O'er the Rock of A — ges — Safe in Thee — .

HIDE-A-ME

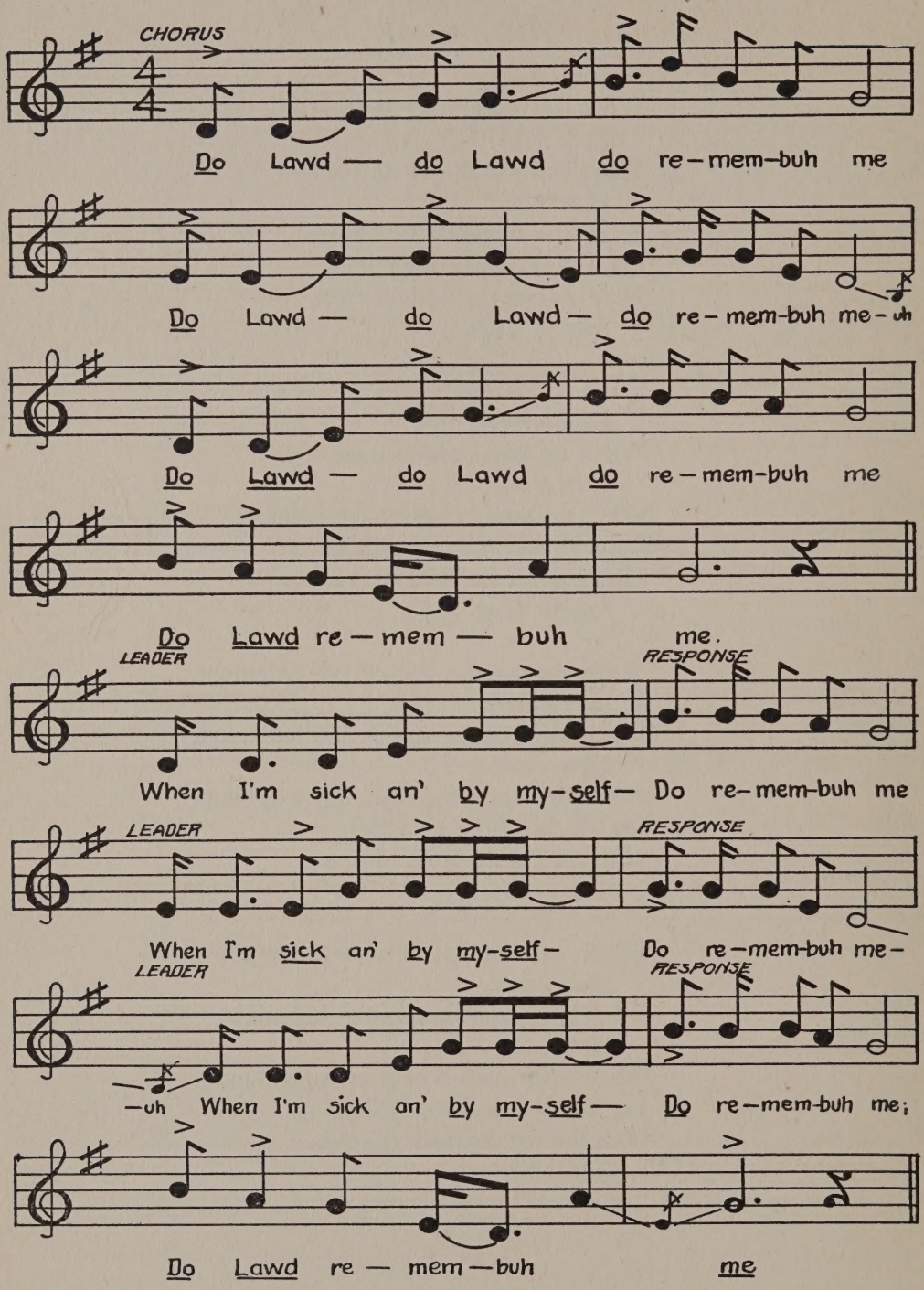
When this world is all on fiyuh,
  Hide-a-me;
When this world is all on fiyuh,
  Hide-a-me.
When this world is all on fiyuh,
Let Thy bosom be my pilluh,
Hide me o'er the Rock of Ages,
  Safe in Thee.

When the stars in heaven are fallin',
  Hide-a-me;
When the stars in heaven are fallin',
  Hide-a-me.
When the stars in heaven are fallin',
Let Thy bosom be my pilluh,
Hide me o'er the Rock of Ages,
  Safe in Thee.

When the trumpet sounds fuh judgmunt,
  Hide-a-me;
When the trumpet sounds fuh judgmunt.
  Hide-a-me.
When the trumpet sounds fuh judgmunt,
Let Thy bosom be my pilluh,
Hide me o'er the Rock of Ages,
  Safe in Thee.

When mah name is called at judgmunt,
  Hide-a-me;
When mah name is called at judgmunt,
  Hide-a-me.
When mah name is called at judgmunt,
Let Thy bosom be my pilluh,
Hide me o'er the Rock of Ages,
  Safe in Thee.

DO LORD REMEMBER ME



DO LORD REMEMBER ME

Do Lawd, do Lawd, do remembuh me,
Do Lawd, do Lawd, do remembuh me,
Do Lawd, do Lawd, do remembuh me,
Do Lawd, remembuh me.

When I'm sick an' by myself,
Do remembuh me;
When I'm sick an' by myself,
Do remembuh me.
When I'm sick an' by myself,
Do remembuh me,
Do, Lawd, remembuh me.

When I'm crossin' Jurdon,
Do remembuh me;
When I'm crossin' Jurdon,
Do remembuh me.
When I'm crossin' Jurdon,
Do remembuh me,
Do, Lawd, remembuh me.

If I ain't got no frien's at all,
Do remembuh me;
If I ain't got no frien's at all,
Do remembuh me.
If I ain't got no frien's at all,
Do remembuh me,
Do, Lawd, remembuh me.

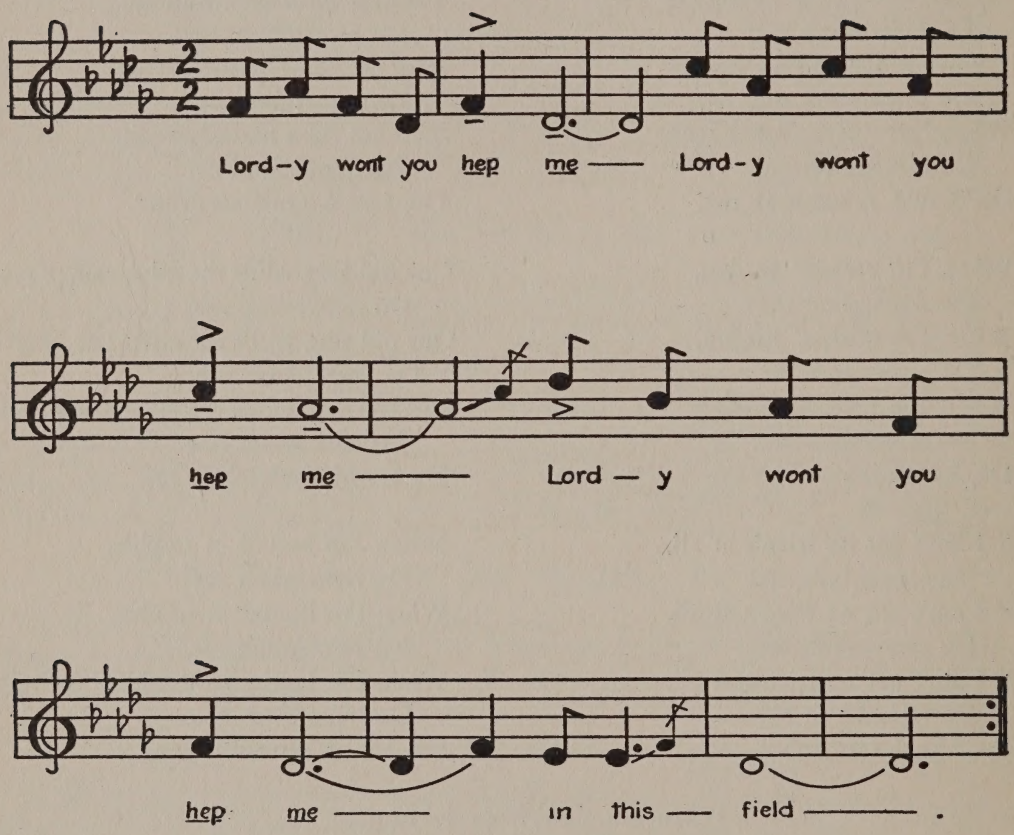
Paul an' Silus bound in jail,
Do remembuh me;
Paul an' Silus bound in jail,
Do remembuh me.
Paul an' Silus bound in jail,
Do remembuh me,
Do, Lawd, remembuh me.

One did sing while the other one prayed,
Do remembuh me;
One did sing while the other one prayed,
Do remembuh me.
One did sing while the other one prayed,
Do remembuh me,
Do Lawd, remembuh me.

When I'm bound in trouble,
Do remembuh me;
When I'm bound in trouble,
Do remembuh me.
When I'm bound in trouble,
Do remembuh me,
Do, Lawd, remembuh me.

When I'm goin' from do' to do',
Do remembuh me;
When I'm goin' from do' to do',
Do remembuh me.
When I'm goin' from do' to do',
Do remembuh me,
Do, Lawd, remembuh me.

IN THIS FIELD



IN THIS FIELD

Lordy, won't you he'p me?
Lordy, won't you he'p me?
Lordy, won't you he'p me?
In this field.

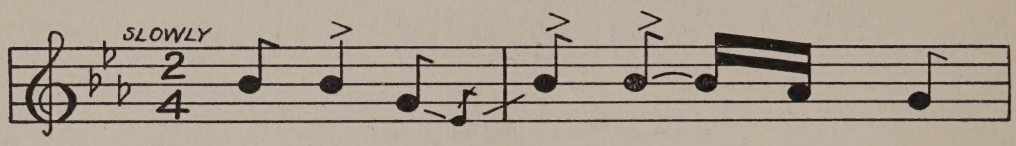
Troubles is so hard,
Troubles is so hard,
Troubles is so hard,
In this field.

There's mo' than me, Lawd,
There's mo' than me, Lawd,
There's mo' than me, Lawd,
In this field.

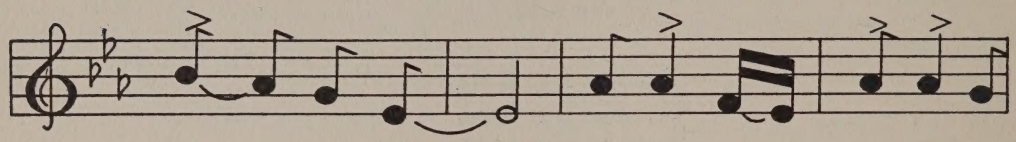
There's mo' to do, Lawd,
There's mo' to do, Lawd,
There's mo' to do, Lawd,
In this field.

There's mo' to be won,
There's mo' to be won,
There's mo' to be won,
In this field.

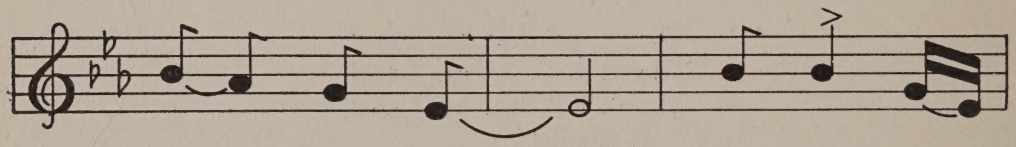
WRING MY HANDS AND CRY



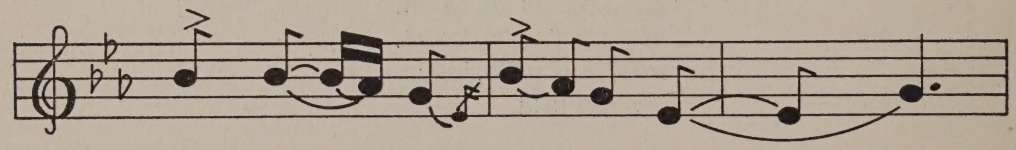
Some – times I – uh — feel like ——— a



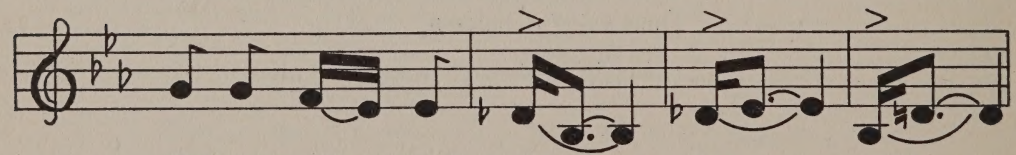
moan — in' dove ——— Some-times I ——— feel like a



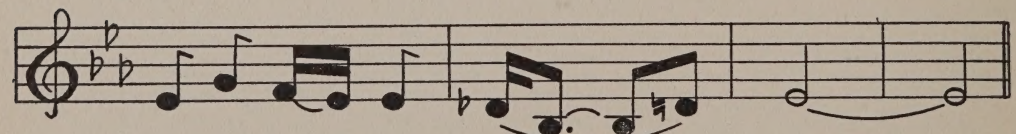
moan — in' dove ——— Some – times I ——



feel — like ——— a – um – moan'–in' dove ———



Wring my han's an' cry ——— cry ——— cry ———



wring my han's an' cry ——— cry ———

WRING MY HANDS AND CRY

Sometimes I feel like
A moanin' dove.
Sometimes I feel like
A moanin' dove.
Sometimes I feel like
A moanin' dove—
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry, cry;
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry.

Sometimes I feel like
A motherless chile.
Sometimes I feel like
A motherless chile.
Sometimes I feel like
A motherless chile—
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry, cry;
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry.

Sometimes I feel like
I gotta no home.
Sometimes I feel like
I gotta no home.
Sometimes I feel like
I gotta no home—
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry, cry;
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry.

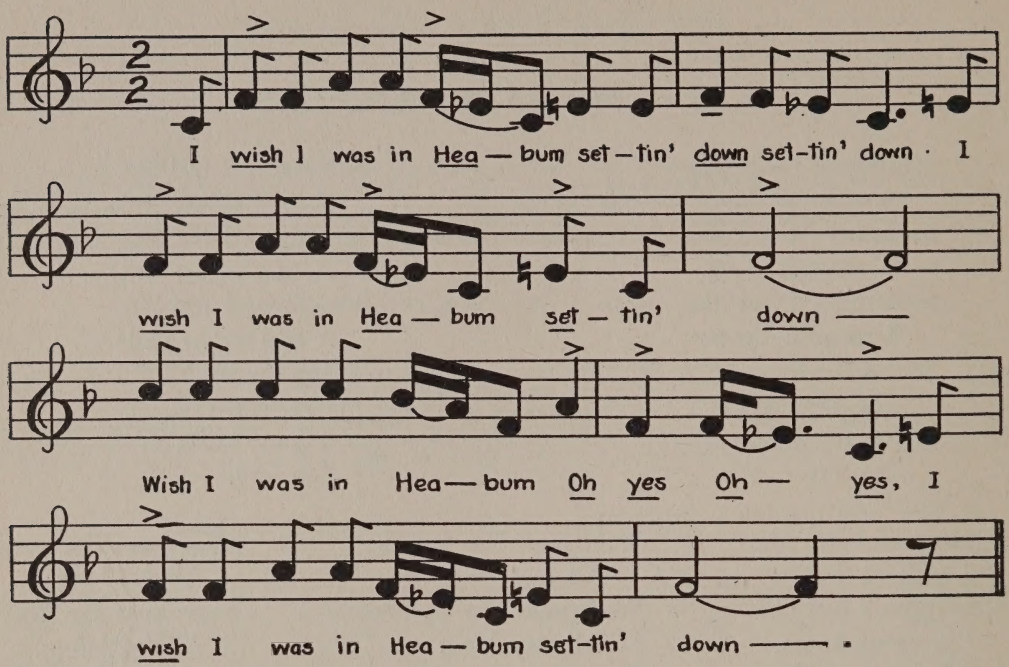
Sometimes I'm troubled
All day long.
Sometimes I'm troubled
All day long.
Sometmes I'm troubled
All day long—
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry, cry;
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry.

Sometimes I'm prayin'
All day long.
Sometimes I'm prayin'
All day long.
Sometimes I'm prayin'
All day long—
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry, cry;
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry.

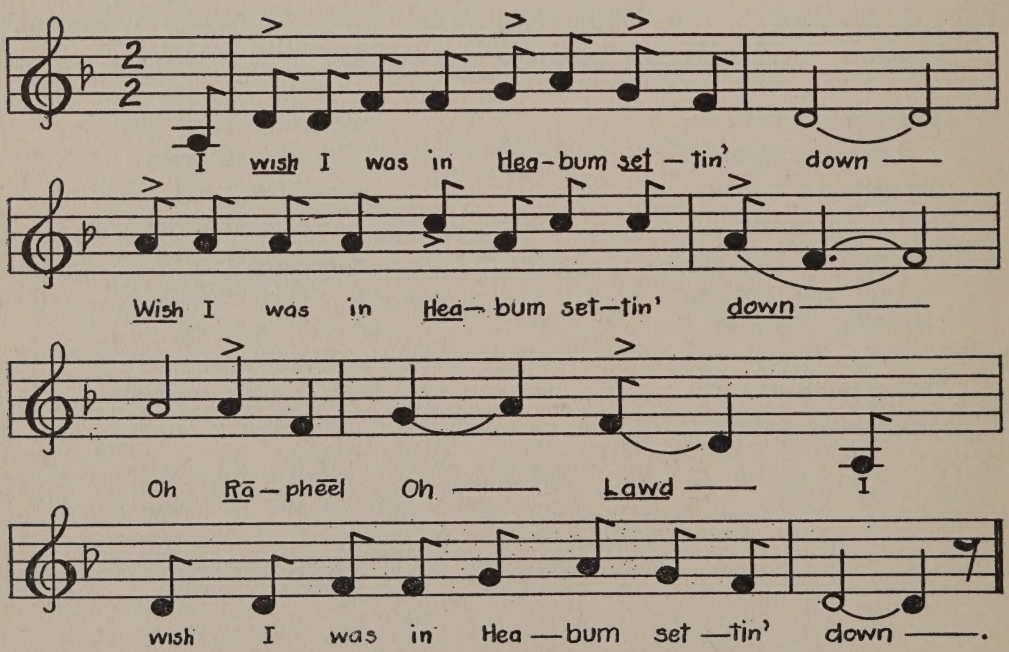
Sometimes I feel like
I gotta no frien's.
Sometimes I feel like
I gotta no frien's.
Sometimes I feel like
I gotta no frien's—
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry, cry;
Wring my han's an'
Cry, cry.

Sometimes I feel like
A eagle in de air.
Sometimes I feel like
A eagle in de air.
Sometimes I feel like
A eagle in de air—
Spread my wings an'
Fly, fly, fly;
Spread my wings an'
Fly, fly.

WISH I WAS IN HEABUM SETTIN' DOWN



ANOTHER VERSION



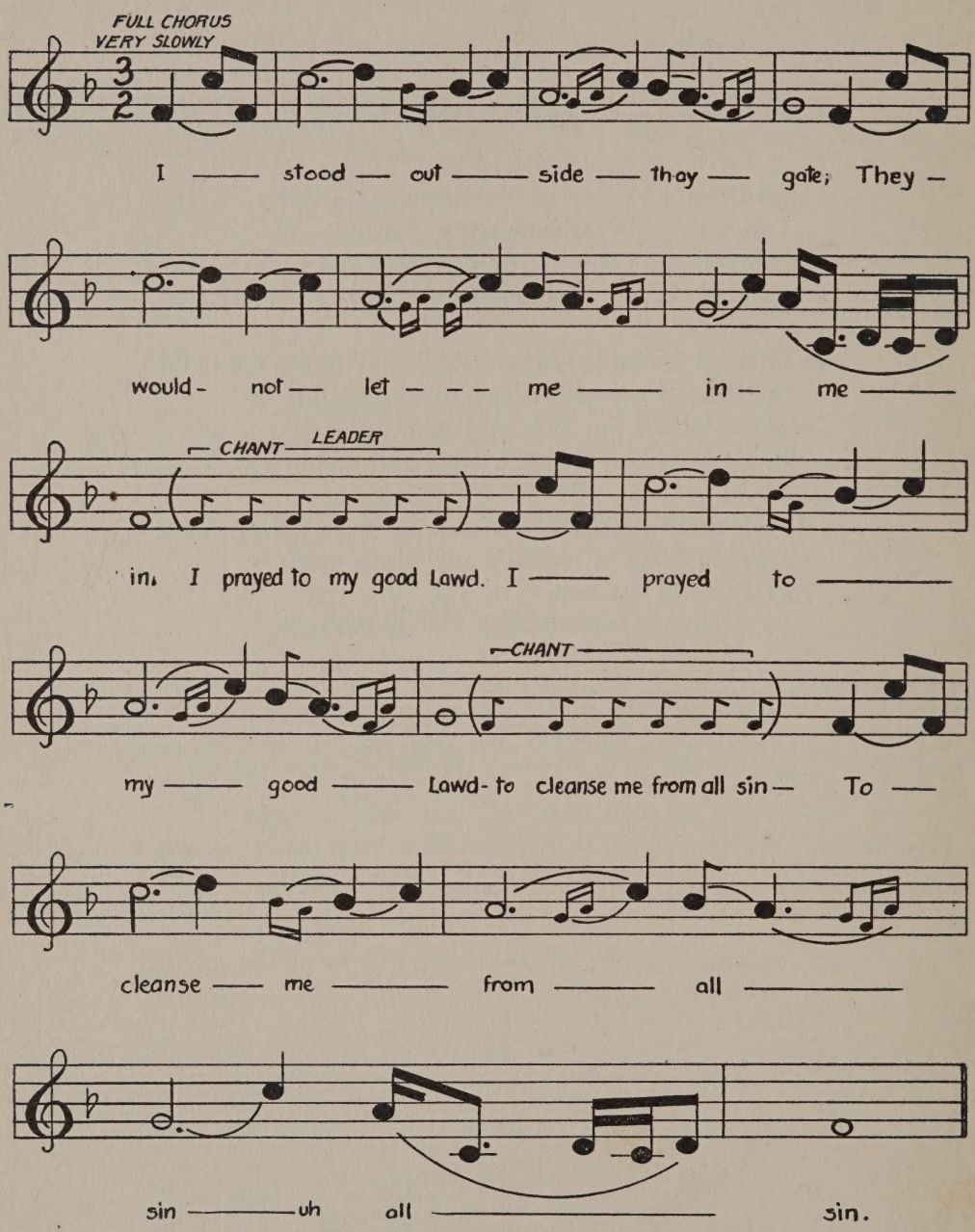
WISH I WAS IN HEABUM SETTIN' DOWN

I wish I was in Heabum settin' down, settin' down,
  I wish I was in Heabum settin' down;
Wish I was in Heabum—Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
  I wish I was in Heabum settin' down.

In Heabum I wouldn't have nothin' a-tall to do, 'tall to do,
  In Heabum I wouldn't have nothin' a-tall to do;
Jes' set down an' rest—Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
  In Heabum I wouldn't have nothin' a-tall to do.

I'd walk about in Heabum an' tell the news, tell the news,
  I'd walk about in Heabum an' tell the news;
Walk about in Heabum—Oh, yes! Oh, yes!
  I'd walk about in Heabum an' tell the news.

I STOOD OUTSIDE THE GATE



I STOOD OUTSIDE THE GATE

I stood outside thay gate;
They would not let me in—me in.
I prayed to my good Lawd,
To cleanse me from all sin—all sin.

Lord Jesus Christ, I seek to find,
Pray tell me whar He dwells—He dwells.
Oh, you go down in yonder fold
An' search among the sheep—the sheep.

There you will find Him, I am told
He's whar He loves to be—to be.
An' if I find Him how'll I know
Round any other man—other man?

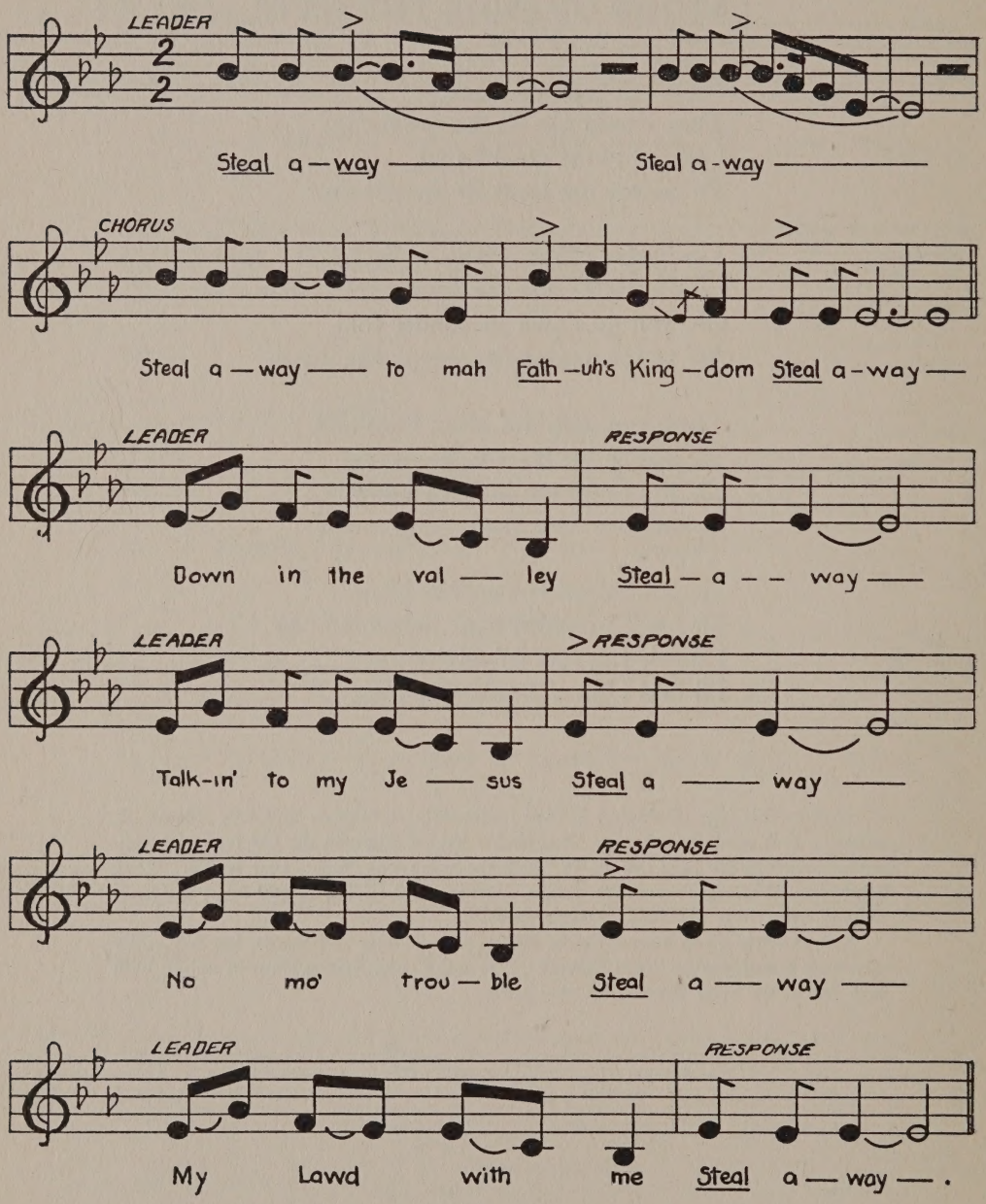
He has Salvation awn His brow,
He has a wounded han'—wounded han'.
I thank you faw yo' advice—
I'll find Him ef I can—ef I can.

NOTE—This type of singing is used particularly at funerals and very solemn occasions. It is rarely heard now. It probably has its origin in the old type of hymn-singing, used in the early church, in which the hymn was "lined" by a leader. When given with the Negro's peculiar style of chanting and sliding to and from the main melody note, it is distinctly a thing apart.

The example given here is purely Negro both in tune and words, but frequently one hears a well-known hymn chanted. The entire congregation sings in unison with each line of the verse chanted by the leader.

STEAL AWAY TO MAH FATHUH'S KINGDOM

M: 56 (d)

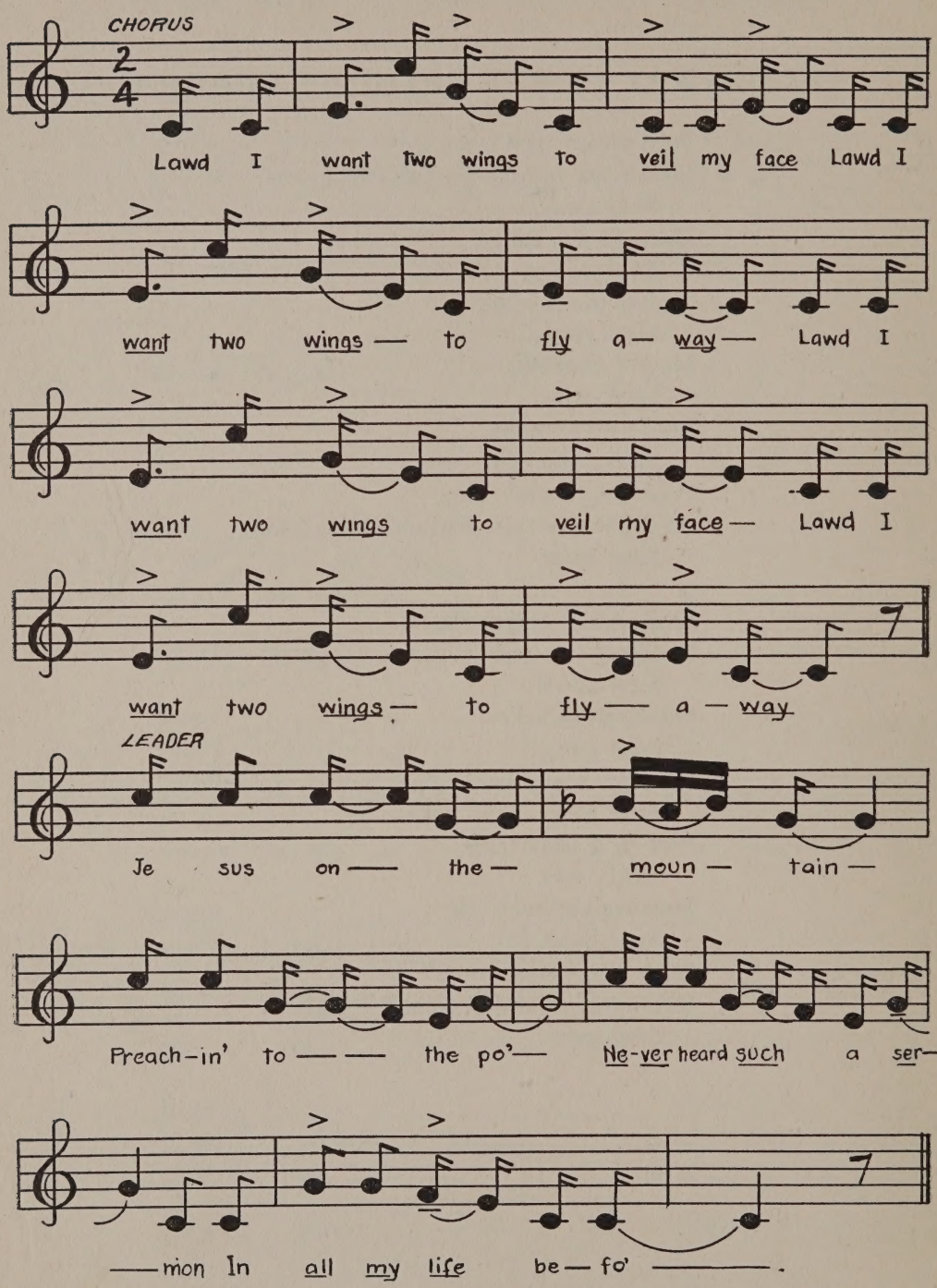


STEAL AWAY TO MAH FATHUH'S KINGDOM

Steal away—steal away,
Steal away to mah Fathuh's Kingdom.
  Steal away.
Down in the valley,
  Steal away.
Talkin' to my Jesus,
  Steal away.
No mo' trouble,
  Steal away.
My Lawd with me,
  Steal away.
Steal away—steal away,
Steal away to mah Fathuh's Kingdom.
  Steal away.

Steal away—steal away,
Steal away to mah Fathuh's Kingdom.
  Steal away.
Down in the valley,
  Steal away.
Shoutin', Hallelujah!
  Steal away.
Free from hard trials,
  Steal away.
Jesus walkin' with me,
  Steal away.
Steal away—steal away,
Steal away to mah Fathuh's Kingdom.
  Steal away.

LAWD I WANT TWO WINGS



LAWD I WANT TWO WINGS

Lawd, I want two wings to veil my face,
Lawd, I want two wings to fly away;
Lawd, I want two wings to veil my face,
Lawd, I want two wings to fly away.

Jesus on the mountain
Preachin' to the po',
Never heard such a sermon
In all my life befo'.

Did not come in the mawnin',
Neither in the heat of the day;
But He always come in the evenin',
An' washed my sins away.

When you are in trouble,
Journeyin' on yo' way;
Jes' put yo' trust in Jesus,
An' don't forget to pray.

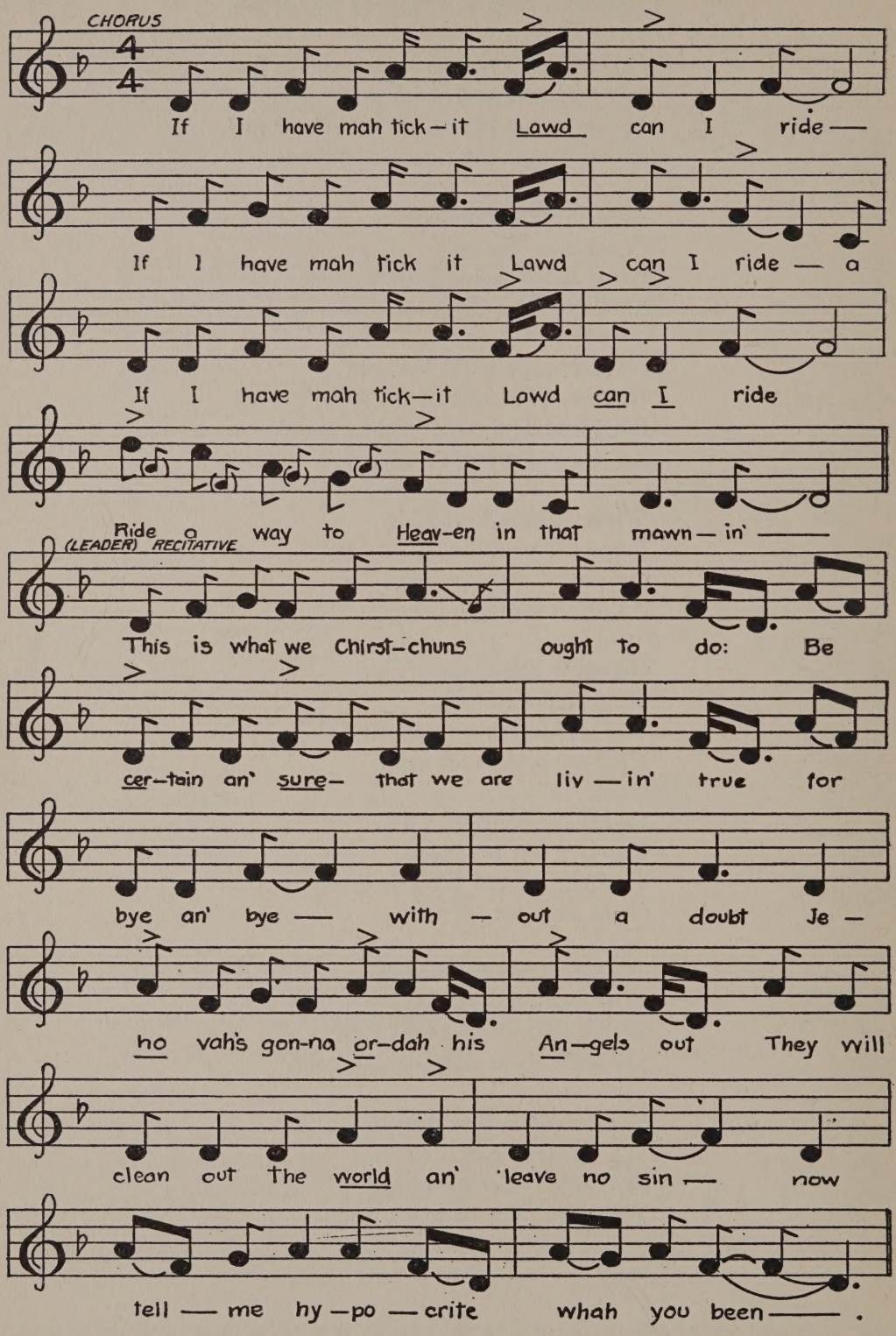
Git up in the mawnin',
Git up out-a yo' bed;
You should not eat one mouthful
Until yo' prayers are said.

I went down in the valley,
Hands across my breast;
Thought I heard King Jesus say—
Come unto me an' rest.

Yonder comes my mother—
Wha' you been so long?
Well, I been down in the valley,
My soul's done anchored an' gone.

Yonder comes that Angel—
What might be yo' name?
My name is Great Jehovah,
Well, you must be bawn again.

IF I HAVE MAH TICKIT LAWD



IF I HAVE MAH TICKIT LAWD

If I have mah tickit, Lawd, can I ride?
If I have mah tickit, Lawd, can I ride-a?
If I have mah tickit, Lawd, can I ride?
Ride away to Heaven in that mawnin'.

This is what we Christchuns ought to do;
Be certain an' sure that we are livin' true.
For bye an' bye, without a doubt,
Jehovah's gonna ordah his Angels out.
They will clean out the world an' leave no sin,
Now tell me, hypocrite, whah you been?

I heard the sound of the Gospel train,
Don't you want to get on? Yes, that's my aim.
I'll stand at the station an' patiently wait
For the train that's comin', an' she's never late.
You must have you ticket stamped bright an' clear,
Train is comin', she's drawin' near.

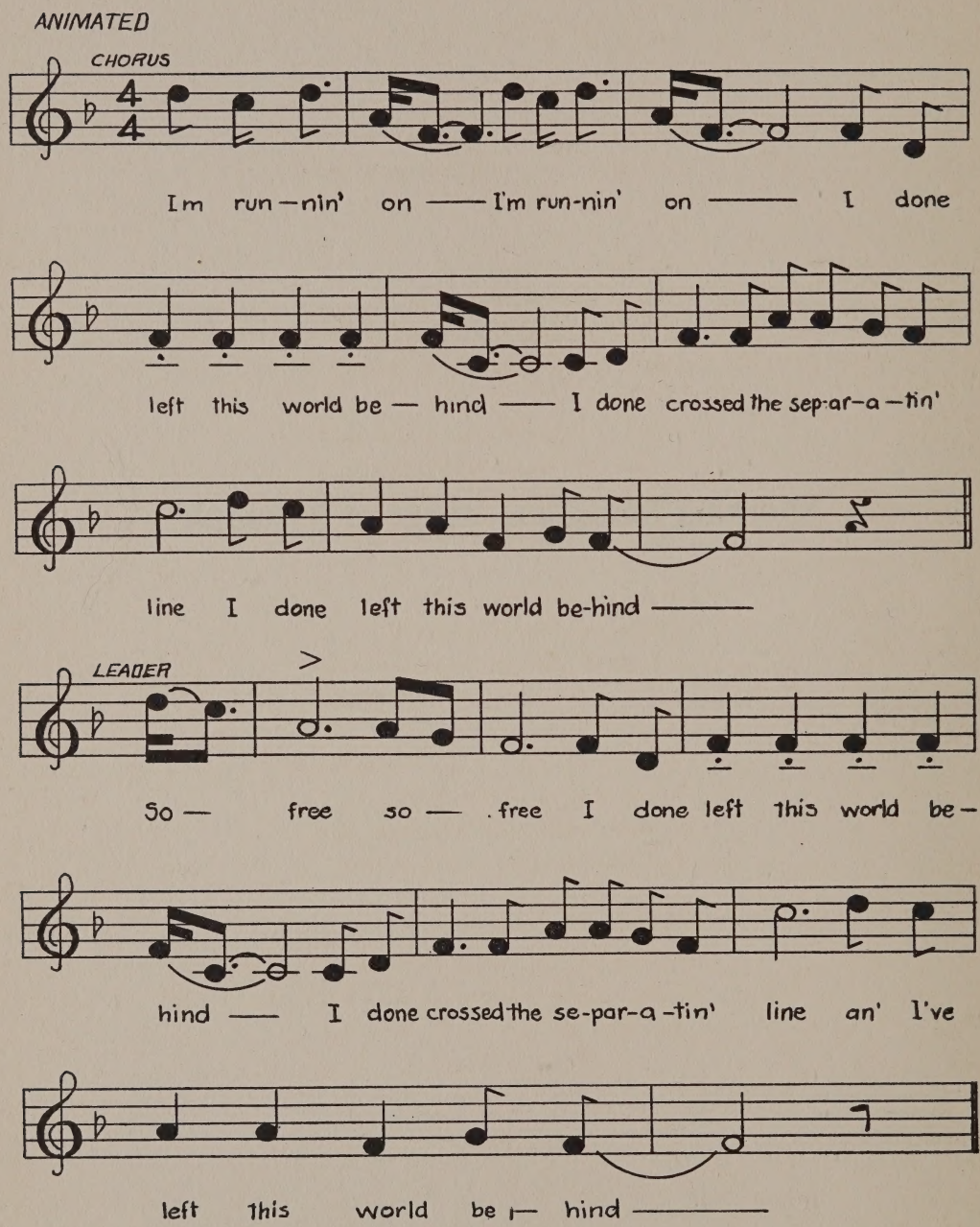
Hope to be ready when the train do come,
My ticket all right an' my work all done.
She's so long comin' till she worries my mind,
Seems to be late, but she's just on time.

It keeps me always in a move an' strain,
Tryin' to be ready for the Gospel train.
Ever now an' then, either day or night,
I examine my tickit to see if I'm right.
If the Son grant my ticket the Holy Ghost sign,
Then there is no way to be left behind.

There's a great deal of talk 'bout the Judgment Day,
You have no time for to trifle away.
I'll tell you one thing certain an' sho',
Judgment Day's comin' when you don't know.
I hope to be ready when I'm called to go,
If anything's lackin', Lawd, let me know.

Shouting Songs and Songs of Triumph

I'M RUNNIN' ON


ANIMATED
CHORUS
I'm run-nin' on — I'm run-nin' on — I done
left this world be-hind — I done crossed the sep-ar-a-tin'
line I done left this world be-hind —
LEADER
So — free so — free I done left this world be-
hind — I done crossed the se-par-a-tin' line an' I've
left this world be-hind —

I'M RUNNIN' ON

I'm runnin' on, I'm runnin' on,
I done left this world behind;
I done crossed the separatin' line,
I done left this world behind.

So, free, so free—
I done left this world behind;
I done crossed the separatin' line,
An' I've left this world behind.

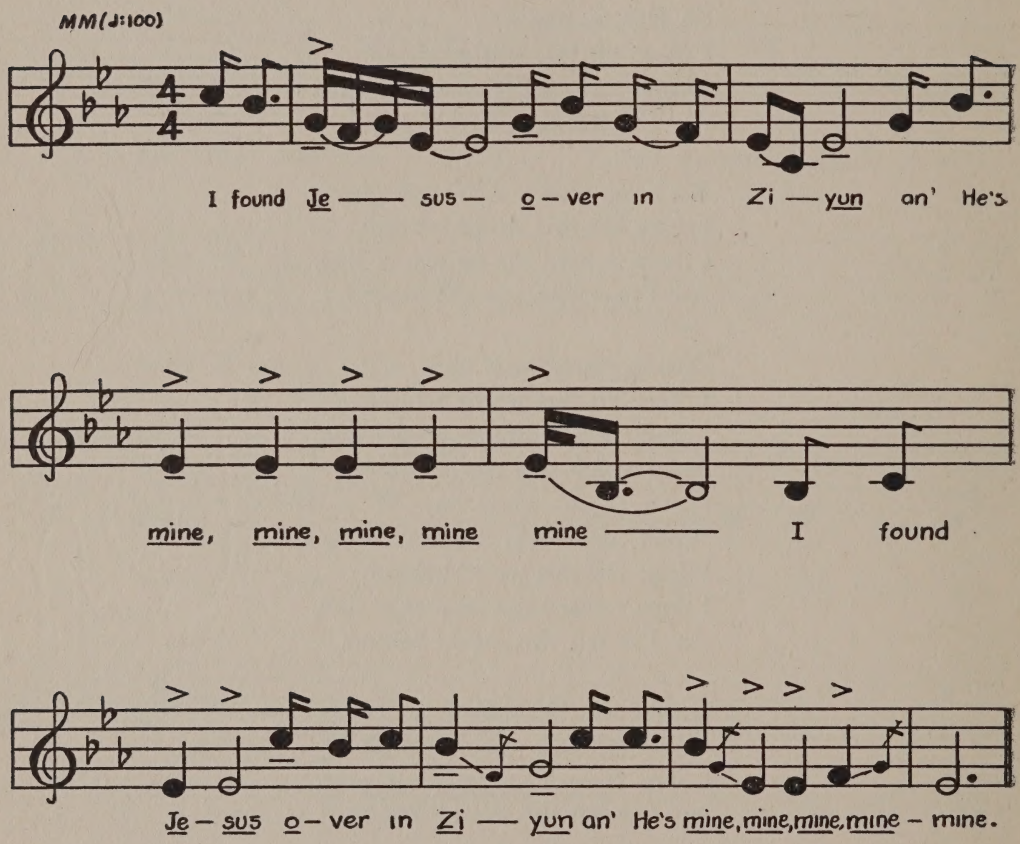
Ain't you glad? Ain't you glad?
I done left this world behind;
I done crossed the separatin' line,
An' I've left this world behind.

Pressin' on, pressin' on—
I done left this world behind;
I done crossed the separatin' line,
An' I've left this world behind.

Won't turn back, won't turn back—
I done left this world behind;
I done crossed the separatin' line,
An' I've left this world behind.

Good-bye! Good bye!
I done left this world behind;
I done crossed the separatin' line,
An' I've left this world behind.

I FOUND JESUS OVER IN ZION



I FOUND JESUS OVER IN ZION

I found Jesus over in Ziyun,
An' He's mine, mine, mine, mine, mine;
I found Jesus over in Ziyun,
An He's mine, mine, mine, mine, mine.

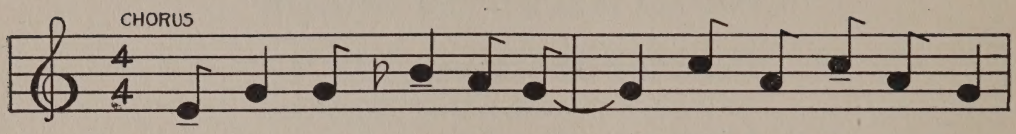
I found the Holy Ghost over in Ziyun,
An' He's mine, mine, mine, mine, mine;
I found the Holy Ghost over in Ziyun,
An' He's mine, mine, mine, mine, mine.

I got sanctified over in Ziyun,
An' it's mine, mine, mine, mine, mine;
I got sanctified over in Ziyun,
An' it's mine, mine, mine, mine, mine.

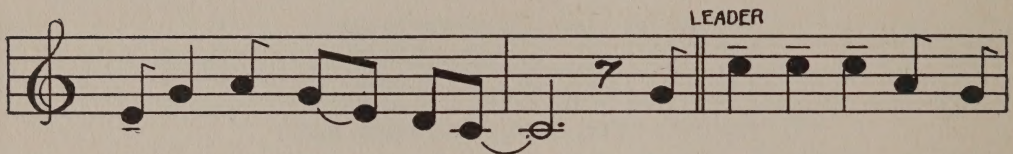
I got baptized over in Ziyun,
An' I'm saved, saved, saved, saved, saved;
I got baptized over in Ziyun,
An' I'm saved, saved, saved, saved, saved.

He's mah Savior, He's mah Savior—
Oh, He's mine, mine, mine, mine, mine.
He's mah Savior, He's mah Savior—
Yes, He's mine, mine, mine, mine, mine.

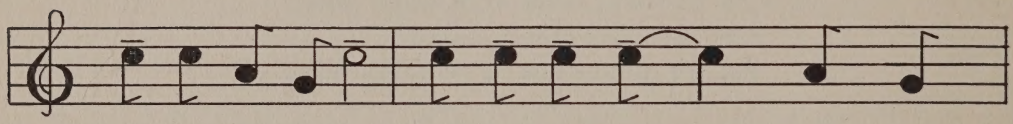
I GOT A HIDIN' PLACE



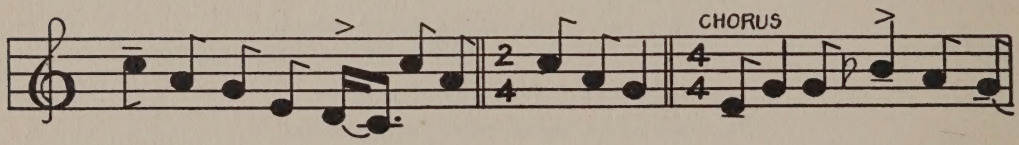
I got a hi— din' place — In de Word of God



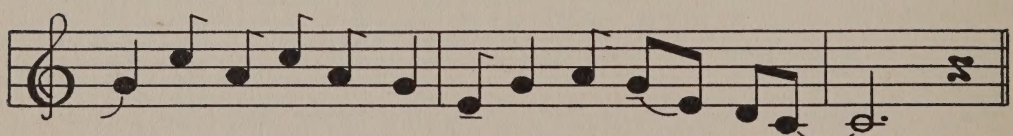
I got a hi — din' place— The ship she stop In de



mid—dle of de sea, Jo-nah cried out — Lawd have



mer-cy is it me, Throw me ov-er boa'd I got a hi—din' place-



— Throw me ov er boa'd I got a hi — din' place —

I GOT A HIDIN' PLACE

I got a hidin' place—
In de Word of God,
I got a hidin' place.

The ship she stop
In de middle of de sea,
Jonah cried out—
Lawd have mercy, is it me?
Throw me overboa'd.
I got a hidin' place,
Throw me overboa'd,
I got a hidin' place.
I got a hidin' place—
In de Word of God,
I got a hidin' place.

Wonder what's the matter
That de ship don't go;
There's too many liyuhs
Gittin' on boa'd.
Throw 'em overboa'd.
I got a hidin' place,
Throw 'em overboa'd,
I got a hidin' place.
I got a hidin' place—
In de Word of God,
I got a hidin' place.

Wonder what's the matter
That de ship won't go;
There's too many hypocrits
Gittin' on boa'd.
Well you cain't hide now.
I got a hidin' place,
Well you cain't hide now,
I got a hidin' place.
I got a hidin' place—
In de Word of God,
I got a hidin' place.

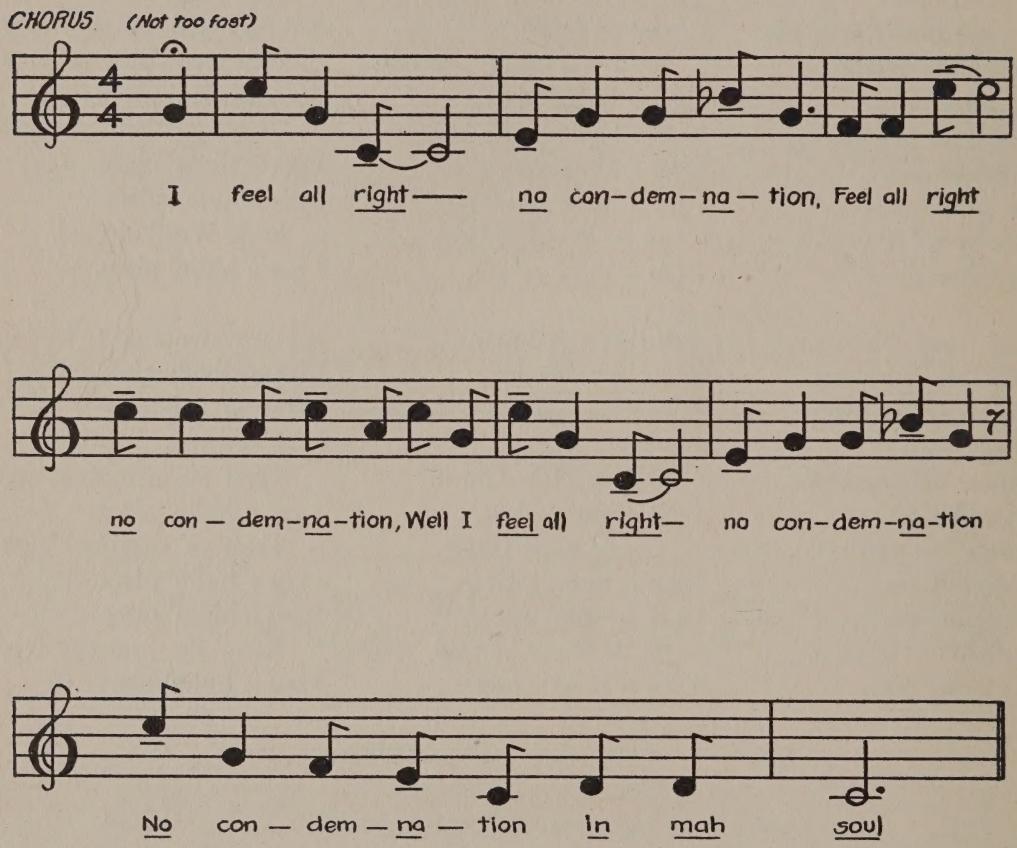
Tell that watchman
That he cain't hide;
If he hasn't got de Holy Ghost
He cain't ride.
Get de Holy Ghost.
I got a hidin' place,
Get de Holy Ghost,
I got a hidin' place.
I got a hidin' place—
In de Word of God,
I got a hidin' place.

There's too many people
Like Jonah today;
God sends'um out
An' they will not obey.
Won't you help me Lawd?
I got a hidin' place,
Won't you help me Lawd?
I got a hidin' place.
I got a hidin' place—
In de Word of God,
I got a hidin' place.

If you wawnta go to heabum,
Like anybody else;
Treat yo' neighbuh
Like you treat yo'self.
Treat yo' neighbuh right.
I got a hidin' place,
Treat yo' neighbuh right,
I got a hidin' place.
I got a hidin' place—
Roun' de throne of God,
I got a hidin' place.

Well, when I git to heabum
Gonna sing an' shout;
There's nobody there
Gonna put me out.
Well in Canaan land.
I got a hidin' place,
Well in Canaan land,
I got a hidin' place.
I got a hidin' place—
Roun' de throne of God,
I got a hidin' place.

NO CONDEMNATION IN MY SOUL



NO CONDEMNATION IN MY SOUL

I feel all right, no condemnation—
Feel all right, no condemnation—
Well, I feel all right, no condemnation—
No condemnation in mah soul.

I been bawn of God, no condemnation—
Bawn of God, no condemnation—
I been bawn of God, no condemnation—
No condemnation in mah soul.

I been baptized, no condemnation—
Been baptized, no condemnation—
Well, I been baptized, no condemnation—
No condemnation in mah soul.

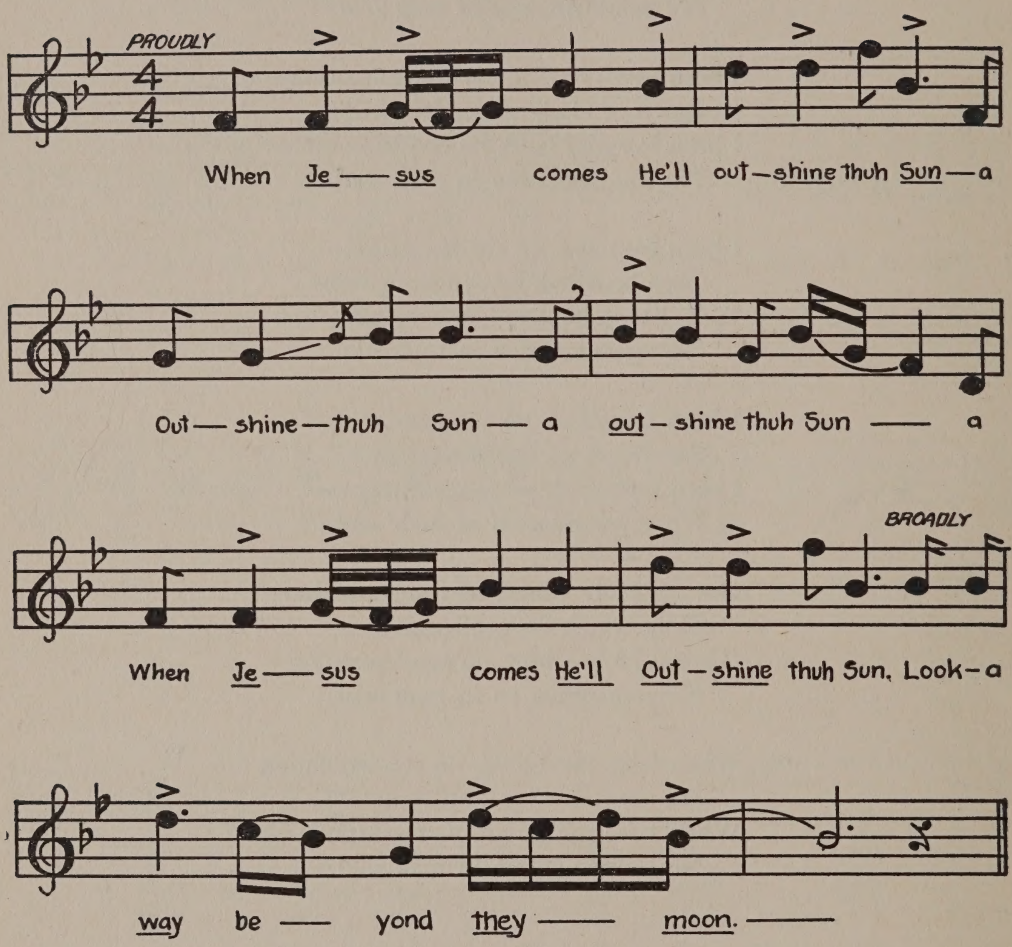
I been sanctified, no condemnation—
Sanctified, no condemnation—
I been sanctified, no condemnation—
No condemnation in mah soul.

Got the Holy Ghost, no condemnation—
Holy Ghost, no condemnation—
Got the Holy Ghost, no condemnation—
No condemnation in mah soul.

When I see my Lawd, no condemnation—
See my Lawd, no condemnation—
When I see my Lawd, no condemnation—
No condemnation in mah soul.

NOTE—This song, together with many others of its type, is a great shouting song. Constant repetitions and vigorous rhythm give full opportunity for spending freely of emotion.

WHEN JESUS COMES



WHEN JESUS COMES

When Jesus comes,
He'll outshine thuh sun,
  Outshine thuh sun,
  Outshine thuh sun,
When Jesus comes,
He'll outshine thuh sun,
Look away beyond they moon.

We'll shout Hallelujah!
  When Jesus comes,
  When Jesus comes,
  When Jesus comes.
We'll shout Hallelujah!
  When Jesus comes,
Look away beyond they moon.

We'll sing Hosyannah—
  When Jesus comes,
  When Jesus comes,
  When Jesus comes.
We'll sing Hosyannah—
  When Jesus comes,
Look away beyond they moon.

They'll be no mo' sorruh in
  Sweet Beuly Land,
  Sweet Beuly Land,
  Sweet Beuly Land.
They'll be no mo' sorruh in
  Sweet Beuly Land,
Look away beyond they moon.

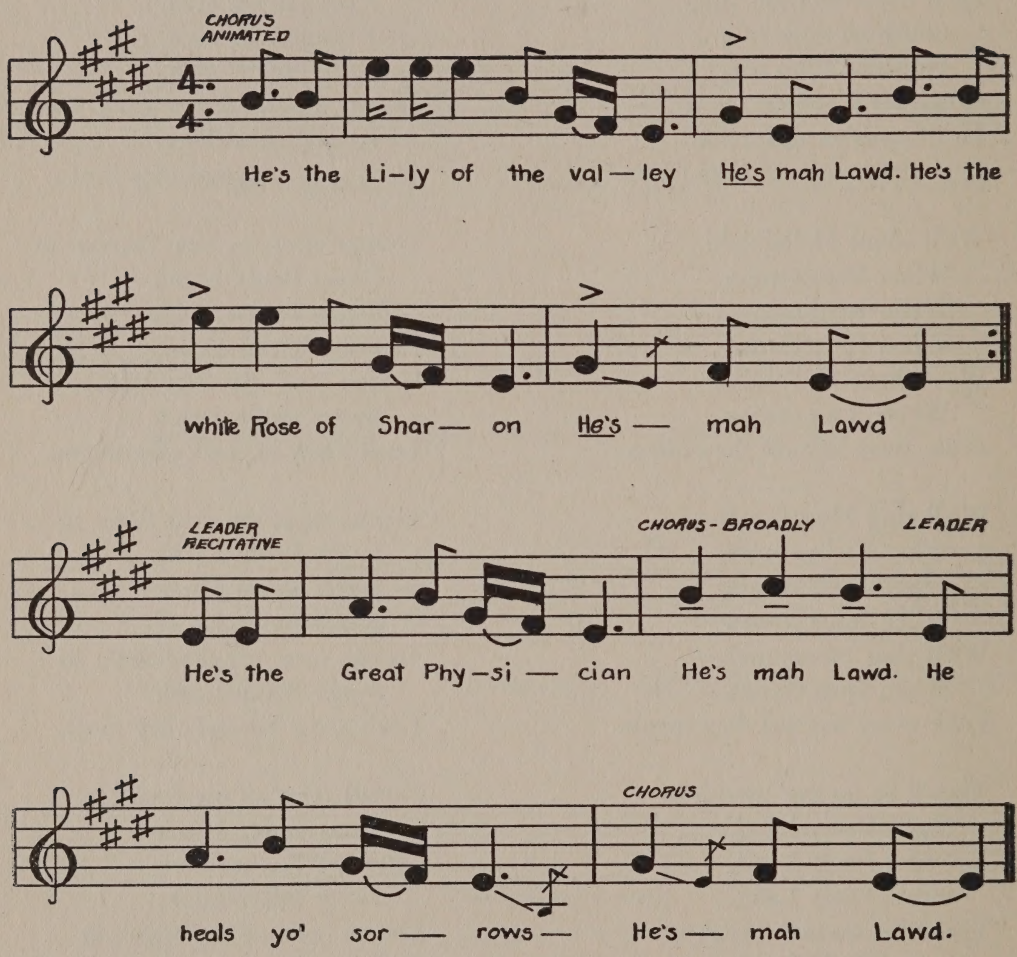
If you wawn-tuh see King Jesus,
  Keep prayin' awn,
  Keep prayin' awn,
  Keep prayin' awn.
If you wawn-tuh see King Jesus,
  Keep prayin' awn,
Look away beyond they moon.

Gonna meet my dear Mother in
  Sweet Beuly Land,
  Sweet Beuly Land,
  Sweet Beuly Land.
Gonna meet my dear Mother in
  Sweet Beuly Land,
Look away beyond they moon.

Gonna meet my dear Sister in
  Sweet Beuly Land,
  Sweet Beuly Land,
  Sweet Beuly Land.
Gonna meet my dear Sister in
  Sweet Beuly Land,
Look away beyond they moon.

Gonna meet all my frien's in
  Sweet Beuly Land,
  Sweet Beuly Land,
  Sweet Beuly Land.
Gonna meet all my frien's in
  Sweet Beuly Land,
Look away beyond they moon.

HE'S THE LILY OF THE VALLEY



HE'S THE LILY OF THE VALLEY

He's the Lily of the valley,
He's mah Lawd;
He's the white Rose of Sharon,
He's mah Lawd.

He's the Great Physician,
He's mah Lawd;
He heals yo' sorrows,
He's mah Lawd.

He's the Alpha and Omego, the beginning and the end,
He's mah Lawd;
He's the Shepherd of the flock, the door to enter in,
He's mah Lawd.

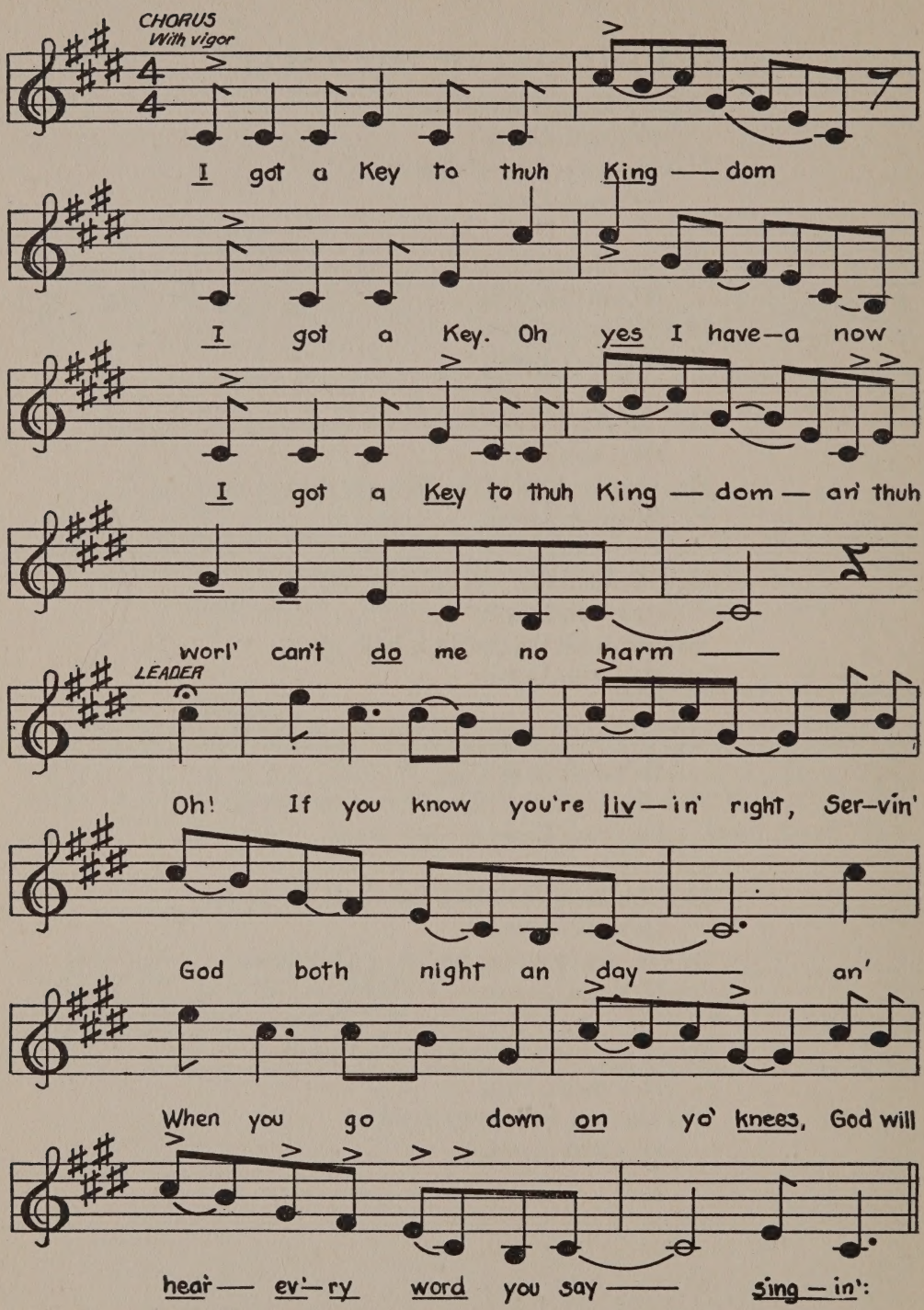
He's the Lord that was an' is to come,
He's mah Lawd;
He's the Rock the church is built upon,
He's mah Lawd.

He's the Bread of Heaven, the Truth, the Way,
He's mah Lawd;
He's the Light that shines to a perfect day,
He's mah Lawd.

He's the Balm of Gilead, the Great Physician,
He's mah Lawd;
By His stripes we are healed of all diseases,
He's mah Lawd.

I'll tell the nations, both great an' small,
He's mah Lawd;
The blood of Jesus saves us all,
He's mah Lawd.

I GOT A KEY TO THE KINGDOM



I GOT A KEY TO THE KINGDOM

I got a Key to thuh Kingdom,
I got a Key. Oh, yes, I have-a now.
I got a Key to thuh Kingdom,
An' the worl' can't do me no harm.

Oh, If you know you're livin' right,
Servin' God both night an' day;
An' when you go down awn yo' knees,
God will hear ev'ry word you say. Singin'
I got a Key, *etc.*

Oh! When you know you're livin' right,
An' you're doing nobody no wrong;
Jus' call up Central in Heaven,
Tell Jesus to come to thuh phone. Singin'
I got a Key, *etc.*

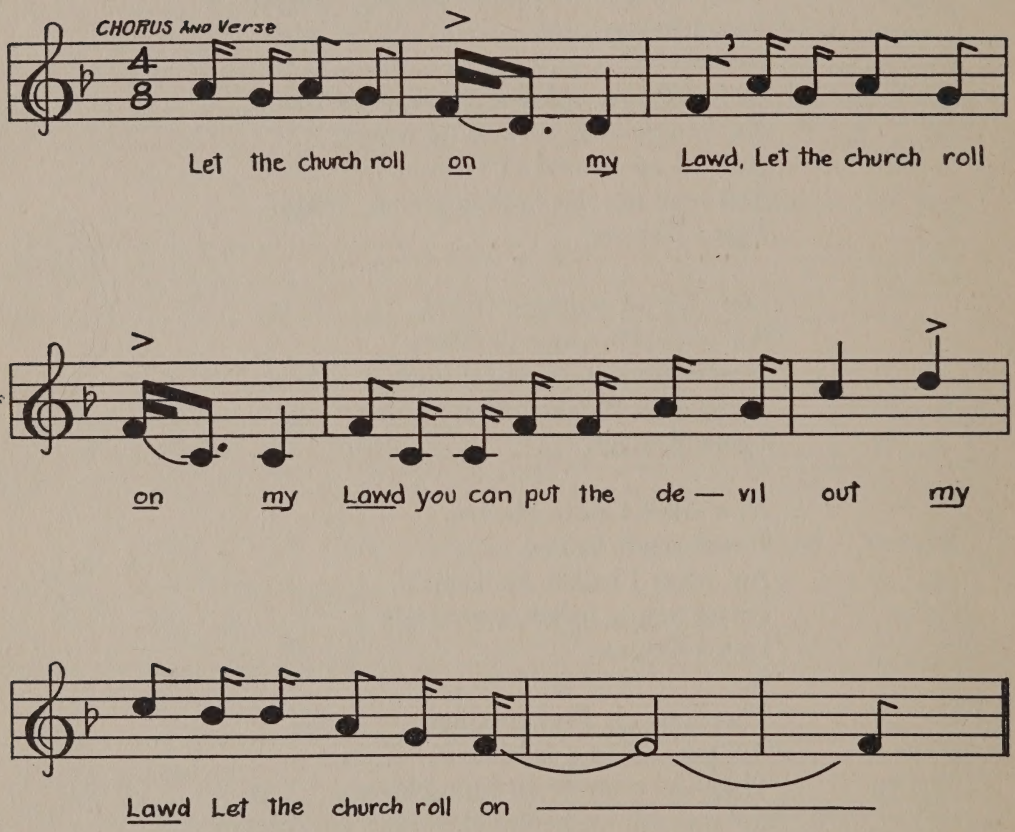
Oh! Git yo' trumpet, Gabul,
An' come down awn thuh sea;
Now don't you sound yo' trumpet
'Tel you git ordahs frum me. Singin'
I got a Key, *etc.*

Now when I git to Heaven,
I want you to be tha', too;
An' when I hollah, Hallelujah!
I want you to hollah, too. Singin'
I got a Key, *etc.*

They took ole Paul an' Silus,
An' put 'em in a jail below;
The angel come down frum Heaven,
An' they tell me he unlocked thuh do'. Singin'
I got a Key, *etc.*

Prayer is the Key to the Kingdom,
An' Faith unlocks thuh do'. Oh! Yes,
If you got a Key to Heaven,
You can pray ev'rywhere you go. Singin'
I got a Key, *etc.*

LET THE CHURCH ROLL ON



LET THE CHURCH ROLL ON

Let the church roll on, my Lawd,
Let the church roll on, my Lawd.
You can put the devil out, my Lawd,
  Let the church roll on.

If tha's preachers in the church, my Lawd,
An' they're not livin' right, my Lawd;
Jes' turn the preachers out, my Lawd,
  An' let the church roll on.

If tha's members in the church, my Lawd,
An' they're not livin' right, my Lawd;
You can put the members out, my Lawd,
  An' let the church roll on.

If tha's liars in the church, my Lawd,
An' they're not livin' right, my Lawd;
You can put the liars out, my Lawd,
  An' let the church roll on.

If tha's sinnuhs in the church, my Lawd,
An' they're not livin' right, my Lawd,
Jes' put the sinnuhs out, my Lawd,
  An let the church roll on.

NOTE—This is a favorite shouting song.

DATE DUE

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